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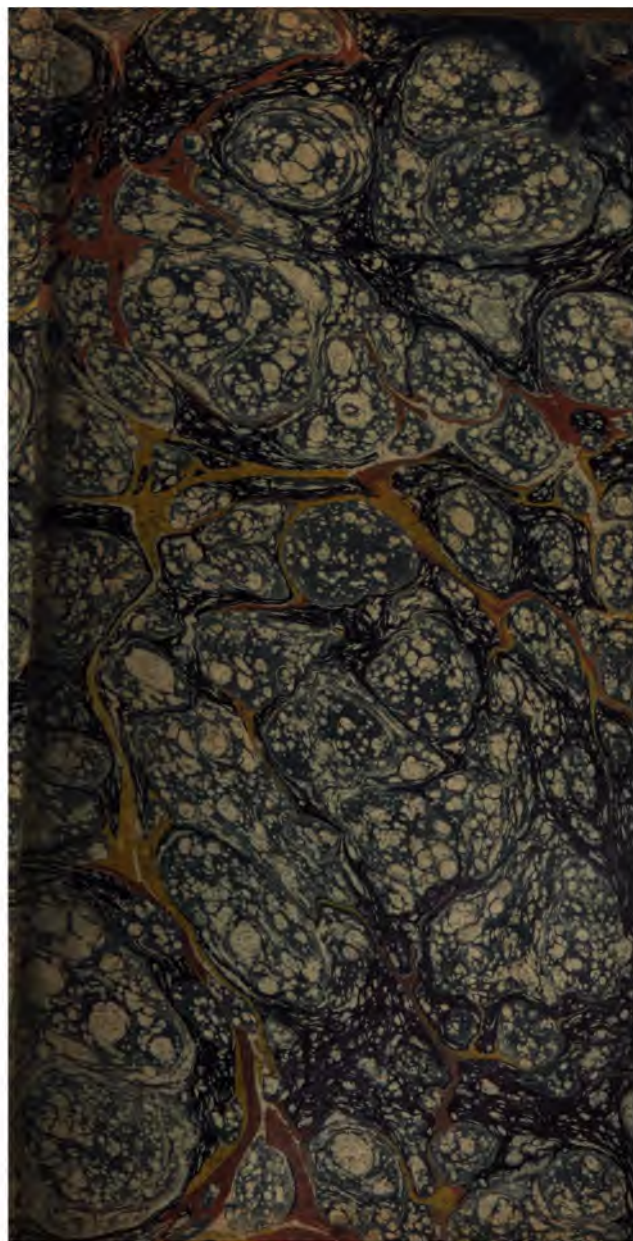
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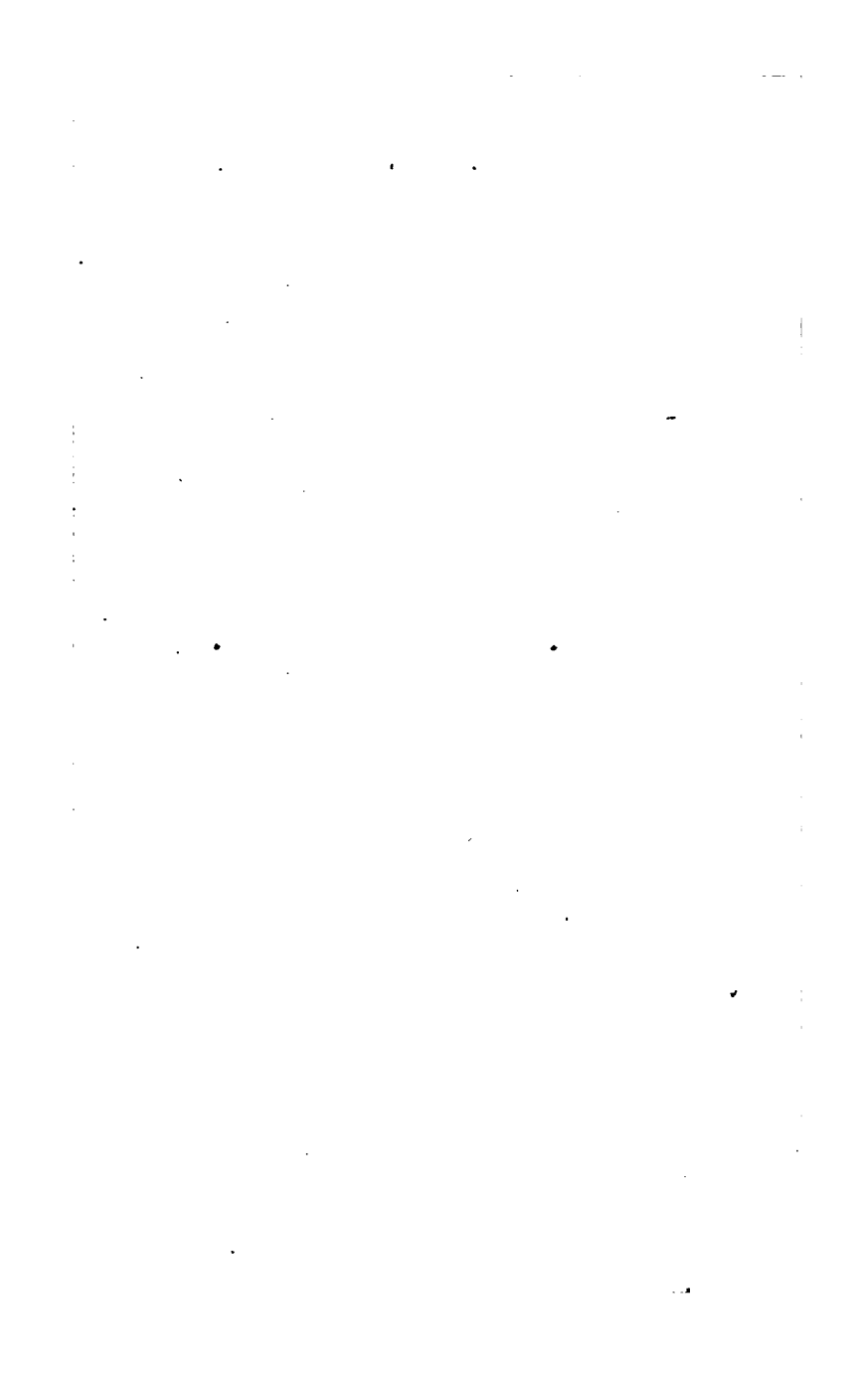
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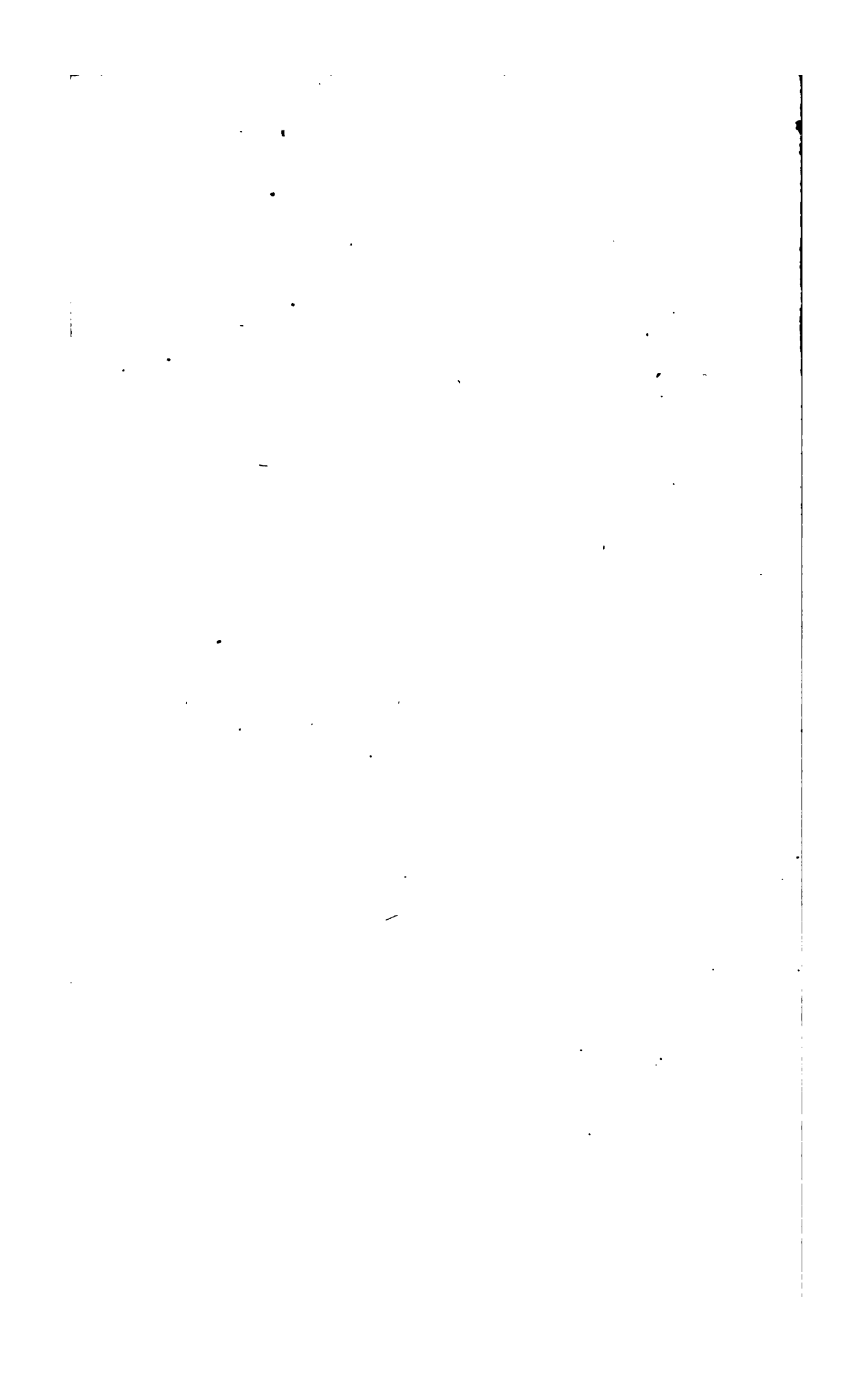


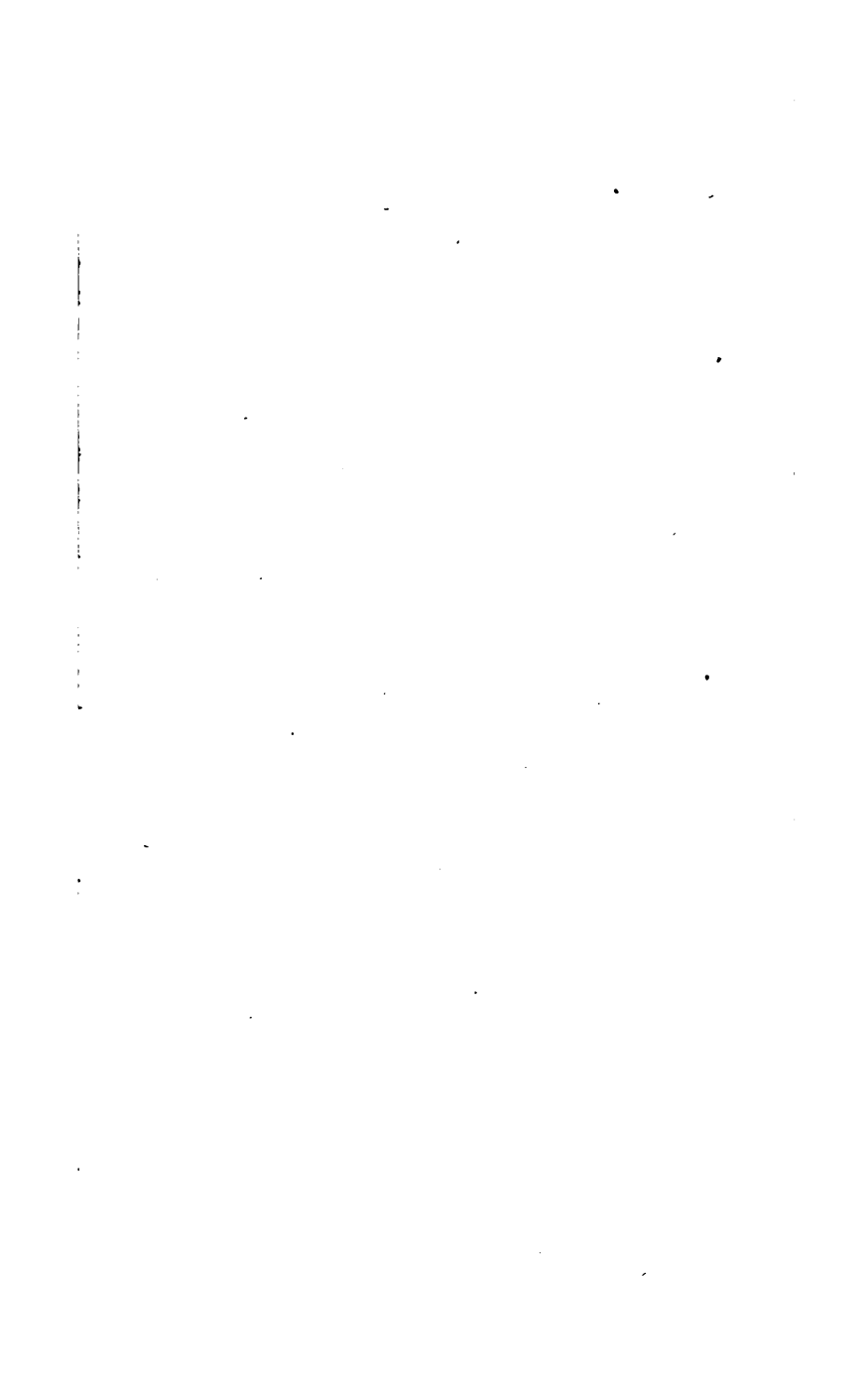


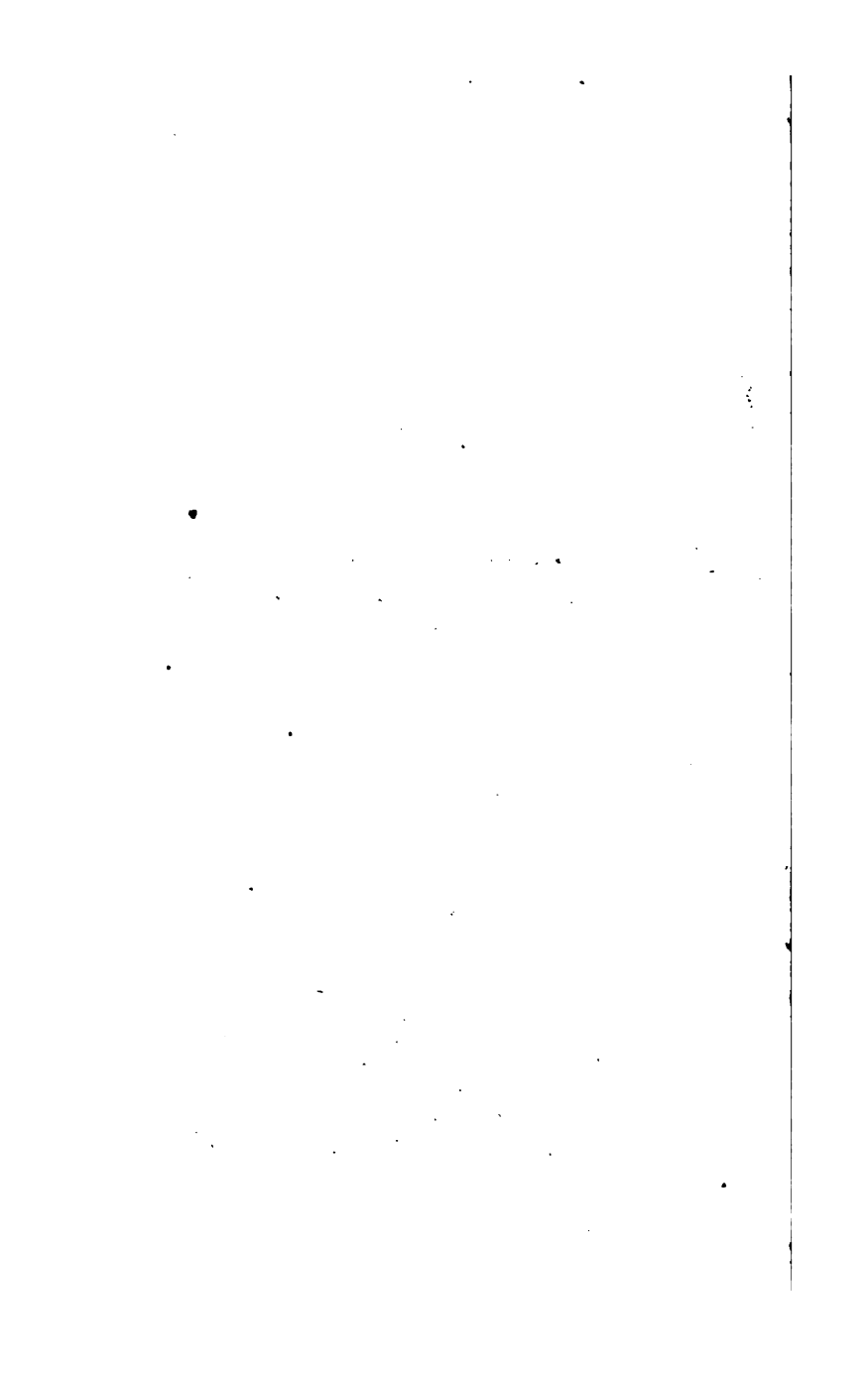


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Rnf

SIMPLE

Scottish Rhymes.

BY WILLIAM FINLAYSON,

POLLOKSHAW.

Paisley:

Printed by S. & A. Young;

AND SOLD BY

M. OGLE AND R. HUTCHISON, GLASGOW;

H. CRICHTON AND T. AULD, PAISLEY;

AND T. NELSON, EDINBURGH.

1815.

3



DEDICATION.

UNTO

THE HON. SIR JOHN MAXWELL
OF POLLOK, BARONET.

May it please your Honor,

In placing this little volume under the shade of your Honorable Protection, I am very far from presuming, that its merits are in any degree suitable to the condescension of your Honor, in permitting me to inscribe it, according to the proudest feeling of my bosom.

Conscious, however, that the same liberality of sentiment, and benignity of disposition, so eminently possessed by your Honor—so generously exercised towards—and universally acknowledged by the numerous peasantry, on your Extensive Estates; will be displayed in the acceptance of these humble effusions, I am,

May it please your Honor,

Your Honor's most devoted,

Humble servant,

WILLIAM FINLAYSON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN introducing the following Rhymes to the world, the Writer of them would only briefly state ; that if they are received with a tolerable degree of deference, his highest hope of poetical fame, will be abundantly realised. If, on the contrary, they are treated with silent neglect, or apparent ridicule, he will patiently endure the castigation of his folly. —To say more, would be unnecessary—to say less, would insinuate a want of proper feeling on the occasion—The opinion of the Public, is the sole criterion of *Literary Merit*—and, generally speaking, Genius requires no illustration; and no apology will be admitted in defence of Dullness.

Pollokshaw, 28d Jan. 1815.

ERRATA.

- Page 15, line 8, for inch-thick read inch-thick.*
 — 17, — 19, — warefare, *read warfare.*
 — 21, — 17, — J— P— *read James Peacock.*
 — do. — 21, — P— *read Peacock.*
 — 38, — 9, — approach *read arrive.*
 — 44, between lines 18 and 19, *delé the blank.*
 — 47, line 9, *for Briaia read Britain.*
 — 49, — 13, — for *read forth.*
 — 58, — 22, — w' *read wi'.*
 — 82, — 19, — fauce *read fame.*
 — 94, — 24, — keep *read help.*
 — 184, — 15, — serene *read severa.*
 — 140, — 17, — his *read he's.*
 — 161, — 6, — Foetster, *read Postester.*

SIMPLE
SCOTISH RHYMES.

THE ROSE AN' DAISY—

A FABLE.

A MINSTREL wha had thoughts sometimes
O' gi'ing to the world his Rhymes,
Coud never overcome his fears
O' hisses, calumnies, an' jeers,
Or tranquillize his wavering mind;
Till on a certain day, we find,
As walking in a garden fair,
Admiring ilka flow'et rare:
Some in the prime o' beauty blooming,
An' others a' the air perfuming,
As various in their scent an' hues
As the productions o' the Muse.

At length our young enthusiast Bard,
Or heard; or fancied that he heard,
A voice perceptible, an' nigh,
Proceeding from a bush hard by,
Where thron'd amang his guardian spears,
The Emperor of Flowers appears,
An' thus in manner rude, an' slow,
Addresses a' the rest below:
"The gentle Pink, an' Lilly sma',
An' gorgeous Tulip, shriak awa',

Wi' ilka noteless flower that blows,
 At the appearance o' the Rose;
 Yea, what tho' a' their charms combine,
 They never can outrival mine;
 My richer hues, an' finer flavor,
 Ensures ilk noble lady's favor,
 An' some confess, wi' justice due,
 Sic superfluities as you,
 Are only in a garden plac't,
 To please the vitiated taste."
 Asham'd to rank wi' common weeds,
 The gay assemblage hung their heads,
 An' wi' unusual tremor shake,
 Unknowing what defence to make.
 At length a Daisy rear'd its crest,
 An' nodding, thus the Prince address:
 "Great Chief! we a' wi' ae accord
 Acknowledge thee, as Sov'reign Lord,
 An' own our merits when compar'd
 Wi' thine, unworthy o' regard;
 Yet humbly we woud this suggest,
 (For vanity infects the best,) .
 Albeit thy matchless splendor towers,
 Beyond the sphere o' common flowers;
 It only is confest superior,
 In consequence of our's inferior,
 For merit by comparison
 Is only ascertain'd, an' known.
 Gin a' were equal in the field,
 Wha wad the Rod o' Empire wield?

An' wha coud beauty's standard strike,
 Gin a' our virtues shone alike?
 On this account a Shepherd praises
 Blue-bells, an' Daffodils, an' Daisies,
 An' wi' illiberal mind supposes,
 Nae flower sae fair as a Primrose is.

Our gentry daiz'd wi' dissipation,
 Are ever fond o' variation,
 By whilk when Nature fails, they strive
 To keep ilk dormant sense alive.
 Hence in a Garden many a flower,
 O' mair or less attractive power,
 Is cherish'd wi' ingenious care,
 To suit the whimsies o' the Fair.
 When weary o' the fragrant Rose,
 Madona to the Lilly goes;
 An' when the Lilly fades, an' dies,
 For comfort to the Pink she flies;
 Until (hope ay the next commends,)
 The pleasure in a Gowan ends;
 From whence she in gradation rises,
 An' Lillies, Pinks, an' Roses prizes,
 Wi' an affection far mair leal,
 Than ever she was wont to feel."

Our willyart Rhymèr, wha unseèn,
 Behint a Bèrry-bush had beèn,
 An' witness was, to a' that past
 In this contention, first an' last,

Wi' extacy maist rapturous cri'd,
 My mind is fully satisfi'd,
 An' naething now my way shall stint,
 When I incline to write, an' print;
 For I'm convinc'd beyond dispute,
 (Let those who can the fact confute,)
 The humorous, bewitching turns,
 In Ramsay, Ferguson, an' Burns,
 Wad never been sae widely kent,
 Had nane but *their's*, appear'd in prent;
 That is, they ne'er had soar'd sae gloriously,
 Gin ithers hadna sunk notoriously.
 Stream then along, my simple strain,
 Thou canna wholly flow in vain;
 For tho' the world shoud reject,
 Thy dumb pretensions to respect,
 An' swear thy fate shall never be
 To fallow yon Illustrious Three,
 Thy portion o' neglect, an' shame,
 May contribute to fix their fame:
 Or like a beacon, plac't on high
 To point some hidden ruin nigh,
 Deter the dults o' coming times,
 Frae ever thinking souple Rhymes
 A Poetester will exempt,
 Frae justly merited contempt,
 If they are found without pretence
 To learning, wit, or common sense.

HINTS

RESPECTING ROBIN WALLACE.

ROBIN WALLACE, (the subject of the following Elegy) is still alive. His eccentricities have long been the theme of admiration, in Pollok-shaws. From his earliest youth, he has been enthusiastically fond of reading, hearing, and talking about the Marvellous, Natural, or Artificial—At present (1815) he is upwards of 64 years of age—His literal *Hobby-horse* is the Blood Horse—Of that, his fund of anecdote, is inexhaustible—Altho' several times at Leith Races, he would not attend the Shaws' Matches: "They are mere *hacks*," says Robin, "unworthy of the attention of one versed in the *Stud-Books*." Whatever the conversation might be in which he engaged, it was always concluded with a descant on the merit of some favourite steed. Whatever might be the inclination, or the feelings of those whom he frequented, nothing could excuse them from attending to information of this kind—of which the following fact is a sufficient corroboration—A neighbour, having a child seemingly in the agonies of death; Robin stepped in, and took his usual seat by the fire-side—on its being observed to him, that a child was a tender creature, and liable to many diseases; "Yes," says Robin,

" it is; but a horse is still more tender, and likewise subject to many more diseases: according to Sir William Hope, there are ninety-three diseases known to attack the horse! The walls of his room were covered with pictures of Horses, famous on the turf; at which he used to lie a-bed on Sunday and look. He has often boasted that he had either read, or heard, of all the different breeds in the known world—and gave it as his opinion, that the South Siberian Horse was the best—having, as he said, a Cow rump, with a bob of hair at the extremity of the tail; the distinguishing characteristics of superior speed and strength. On the subject of *Pedigrees*, and other contents of the *Stud-Book*, he declares, (and I have every reason to believe with truth) that he never found one able to converse scientifically, except Mr J. Bennet, late Jockey, to the Earl of Eglinton—of whose professional abilities, Robin entertains the highest respect. I have just room to add, that Robin is truly a Living Chronicle, and would afford much entertainment, as well as information, to any person inclined to consult him on these subjects.*

* *It is intended to publish another Edition of the Elegy, with a Brief Account of his Life, for his own behoof, if suitable encouragement is received.*

ELEGY ON ROBIN WALLACE.

Elegy on Jack White
 Come hither, ye whom genius charms,
 Whose breasts the glow o' frien'ship warms,
 Encircled by death's icy arms;

Deaf to your sighs,
 Frae poortith far, an' a' its harms,

Here Robin lies.

here Jack lies

Come hither, ilka curious creaturè,
 Remarkable in shape or nature;
 Renown'd for beauty, strength or stature,
 An' join my lay;
 Here sleeps your raptur'd Commentator,
 Wi' kindred clay.

Come, then, an' take the foremost place,
 Ye coursers o' Arabian race;
 Or on the turf, or in the chace,

A matchless breed;

Wha now shall trumpet forth your praise,

Sin' Robin's dead?

Sin' Jack's dead

Aft wad he kneel upon the street,
 When he a famous Nag did meet,
 An' glower up thro' atween his feet,

Wi' a' his might,

To see if ilka limb was neat,

An' clean an' tight.

B

Wha could like him precisely gie
 The hist'ry o' a pedigree?
 To Mahomet's *Alberak*; he
 Your Sires wad trace,
 Forgotten now, alas! ye'll be,
 An' a' your race.

Lament him, ye wha middens claw,
 Wi' scarlet crests, and plumage braw;
 While owre your sprawlin' foes ye crawl,
 In skirmish keen,
 Nae mair will ye the notice draw

O' Robin's een.

O' Robin's een

Nae mair he'll toddle far an' near
 About some Russian fowl to hear,
 Extinct on earth this mony a-year,
 Whose sma'est quill
 A twa-pint gallon-tree o' beer
 Wad scarcely fill.

Nae mair that Sire o' Birds the Conder
 Shall furnish him wi' tales o' wonder;
 Quo Robin, when intent on plunder,
 An Ox he'll seize,
 An' thro' the regions o' the thunder
 Bear him wi' ease.

Nae mair he'll tell how Ostrich eggs
 Are clocket amang stanes and seggs;

Or lecture on the heels an' legs
 O' guid game cocks;
 Or talk a simmer-day on klegs
 An' beetle clocks.

He had a fragment stane or twa
 O' fam'd Seringapatam's wa';
 O' Pompey's Pillar he coud shaw
 A daud inch-thick;
 Tho' Critics were inclined to ca' ~~it~~
 Them lumps o' brick.

Nae mair frae musty magazeen,
 Most marvellous details he'll glean,
 An' owre a curious volume lean,
 Wi' laboring breast,
 An' gapin' mouth, an' glowrin' een,
 Like ane possest.

Nae mair, upon a Sabbath-day,
 He'll dern beneath the Custon-brae;
 An' like some hermit wrapt away
 In holy dream,
 Admire the tiny mennows play,
 In Cartha's stream.

Nae mair an ivy-mantled beild,
 Or Gothic tower unroof'd wi' eild,
 Will melancholy pleasure yield

to Robin's saul;
B 2 To Jack's saul

For sheeted ghaists stalk airy heel'd
 Where he lies caul.

He had a list o' deils an' fairies,
 Frae this reign up to guid Queen Mary's,
 That wout to gie the witches carries
 Out ower the sea,
 Frae "Aul' Po'k-town awa' to Paris,
 To haud a spree.

An' syne he wad exulting tell,
 " Were ony business to compel,
 " Tho' I believe the fiends frae hell
 Stravaig at night,
 " I maist could gang a mile mysel'
 In guid moon light."

Tho' his pursuits thro' life were odd ay,
 Sequester'd frae the common road ay,
 In Rectitude's plain path he trode ay,
 Wi' cannie feet,
 A simple, honest, harmless body,
 Shedd' without deceit.

Come, then, his frien's who always were
 Delighted wi' his genius rare,

* The classic ground of witchcraft in Renfrew-
 shire.



**HAIL! thou bravest of the brave,
Born a groaning world to save,
On our hearts thy deeds we'll grave,
Thou hast made us free.
From the lightning of thy sword
Shrunk the dæmon of discord,
Liberty, so long deplor'd,
Rear'd its form with thee.**

B 3

Welcome then! thrice welcome here!
 Joy of every eye and ear!
 Emperors thy name revere,
 Princes swell thy train!
 Now the work of death is done,
 And the reign of peace begun,
 Beaming like the vernal sun,
 Freedom smiles again.

Now in peace mine eyes may close,
 Finish'd are my Country's woes!
 While with heroes we repose,
 We shall live in song!
 Minstrels in immortal rhymes,
 Shall inform succeeding times,
 Greatness founded upon crimes
 Cannot prosper long!


 TO JOHN GLEN,
 POLLOKSHAW.

DEAR Cousin, your communication
 Anent our late association,
 Sae does my gloomy fancy tickle,
 I'm in a most unseemly pickle;
 An sae I fear your funnie letter
 May make me an insolvent debtor,
 Reduc'd to the forlorn condition,
 Of offering some composition;

For my dull genius, never yet,
 Coud flow in strains o' comic wit,
 Sae Johnie ye maun pouch my nonsense,
 Till I hae time and means to con sense.

Weil ye observe our strange cessation
 Frae labor, gender'd great oppression,
 An' think it was unprecedented,
 Yea, add, an' much to be lamented.
 I never saw o' human nature,
 The real original portraiture,
 (For still I thought the sketch deceiving,)
 Till that uncommon Strike o' Weaving.

When in the *Kills* it was resolved,
 That we would rather be involved
 In a' the horrors o' starvation,
 A hissing, an' abomination,
 To a' the laborin' classes round us,
 If ever hunger waverin' found us;
 Invokin' slavery as our doom,
 Gin ever we went to the loom,
 Or frae our glorious object wandert,
 An' teuk the Manufact'ers' standart:
 An' rather wishin' a' disasters
 Than yield to our unfeeling Masters.
 Hush'd then were low an' mean surmises,
 Resounded nought but 'Table Prices';
 The '*Committee*' in every action,
 Gave full and ample satisfaction.

What unanimity prevailed!
 The rise o' Penury was hailed.
 How cheerfully we teuk our ' *Datas*,
 O' rotten, frosty, wet potatoes!
 An' thol'd to get our future wage up
 Waur than the slavery o' Egypt,
 Without e'er list'ning to a motion,
 For skrunting to the land o' Goshen.

Yet scarcely had we fairly ventur'd,
 An' in the wilderness had enter'd,
 Until the beinest and the bauldest,
 Grew in the fiery trial cauldest.

Then Richmond, (now an execration)
 Drew universal admiration;
 What wondrous tales were tauld about him,
 Nought cou'd be plann'd, or done without hint.
 But if he spoke,—each soul agreeing,
 Hail'd him as a superior being.

Oh! Richmond, can I pass thee here,
 Nor shed one sympathetic tear,
 For a' the woes that did thee cover,
 Soon as thy meteor-course was over!
 Oh! never shall I drink again,
 In raptures, the delicious strain,
 That fell in torrents, clear and strong,
 From thy resistless, glowin' tongue!

Peace follow thee where'er thou art,
 Cheer thy dull hours, an' glad thy heart.
 May conscious innocence supply,
 What public censure may deny;
 Assur'd thy motives were upright,
 Tho' ruin overwhelm'd them quite!

Dear Cousin, pardon this digression,
 Say, cou'd I hush this brief expression
 O' my unfeign'd esteem for one,
 Whose conduct many a time alone,
 'Gainst a' who did his fame intend ill
 I have defended, an' defend will?
 Whatever fix'd inveterate foes,
 O' his morality suppose,
 I trust, (see does experience prove)
 Time will their calumnies remove.
 Even his opponent, auld J. P.—
 Was never scandaliz'd by mae fock,
 When ony unsuccesfu' project
 Belie'd his calculating logic.

Apropos !—P— shall I miss
 Thee, in a random rhyme like this,
 Without ae verse to eulogise
 Thy versatile abilities?
 Thy fertile fine imagination,
 Thy manner, beyond imitation;
 Thine eloquence, impressive, serious;
 Thy language, pithy, plain, an' various—

—Wi' an estate, an' education,
Thou wouldst been *Premier* o' the nation.

Soon as the civil prosecution
Threw a' our business in confusion,
When Weavers broke the mystic chain,
An' crowded to their cells again:
When Collop-eaters, blythely kent
The issue o' this dreadful lent;
When Niger-drivers, ane an' a'
Despisin' shame, as weil as law,
Uncheck'd by scoundrel Committees,
Took 'prentices in twos, an' threes;
An' seeing ilka thing disjointed,
Against the men they had appointed,
The vera men whom they had praised,
Lo! what a hue an' cry was raised!
How dare they then, when thus the case is,
Haud up their thin, pale, reekie faces,
An' say their masters are unfeeling,
Or double in their way o' dealing,
When they reduce the rates o' weaving
Below the meanest mode o' living?
How! in misfortune's dreaded name,
Can Manufacturers be to blame?
What! wou'd the *Gentlemen* endeavor,
To shew them mair respect, an' favor,
Because they publish'd men wad get'em
To slave, at ony price was set'em?

No— to complain they've little reason;
 So let them con this simple lesson,
 To lay their bellies to their winning;
 Or worry in their ain teuch pinning.

Now, fair-ye-weel, my kindly Cousin !
 I wish ye blessings by the dozen;
 An' sith ye are undoubted lairdie
 O' mony a guid thack-house, an' yardie,
 An sin' your health, nōr plenty scarce is,
 May ye be thankfu' for your mercies.
 Think on me ! while in routh ye wallow,
 Doom'd sorrow's bitterest dregs to swallow !
 Poor, friendless, an' oblig'd to scamper
 Frae hōuf to hōuf, a yearly tramper;
 Till frae a' social pleasures hurried,
 In a sequester'd hut I'm buried.

LINES ADDRESSED TO —

Is Cupid never wing'd a flane,
 At thy unguarded heart;
 If thou art stranger to the pain,
 Infused by his dart:

If there be none, whose passion is
 Reciprocal, in thee,
 O! may thy favor, with the bliss,
 Be all reserv'd for me !

ON HEARING A MINISTER

LABORING TO EXPOSE THE IMPOTENCY OF
HEROD'S RAGE AT THE BIRTH OF OUR
SAVIOUR.

O! — dinna waste thy breath,
Or search for tropes thy steril brain,
To shew how feeble Herod's wraith,—
'Twas feeble as thy preaching strain!

ROBIN AND ROWAN,—1812—

AN ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF MR WIL-
LIAM PATON, LATE SCHOOL-MASTER,
IN POLLOKSHAWS.

In that delightful season o' the year,
When husbandmen wi' merry looks appear;
When Nature wi' a kindly mother's cares,
For a' her children, routh o' food prepares;
(Alas! that hauf her gifts are gien in vain,
That av'rice soud her lib'ral hand restrain.)
Young Robin, still to ev'ry wretch a frien',
In pleasure sober, as in grief, serene;
Wi' melancholy Rowan, wae fu' man!
Forgather'd on a time, an' thus began:

ROBIN.

How pleasant are the fields this harvest morn,
Attir'd wi' stooks, o' life-sustaining Corn!

Wi' meikle joy, the weary Farmer sees,
 — His simmer's toil forebode a winter's ease;
 — *Potatoo-bings*, in beautiful array,
 Contain the hopes o' mony a future day!
 Nae fear o' famine shall afflict our coasts,
 Bang'd wi' the pith o' their auxiliar hosts.
 A' nature seems in sweet accord to join,
 An' laud the Giver o' thae boons divine;
 Wherefore, then, Rowan, shoud thy face, an' e'e,
 At sic a variance wi' creation be?
 Make me the sharer o' thy secret woes,
 While we beside this infant brook repose;
 Sooth'd by the babbling o' its mossy stream,
 Peace yet athwart thy gloomy soul may beam.

ROWAN.

I weil remember, Rab, there was a time,
 Before misfortune had undone my prime;
 Ere I had learnt in solitude to sigh,
 My mind was easy, for my hopes were high;
 When the enchantin' months o' har'st, could gie
 A taste o' bliss unspeakable to me! [bring;
 But now, no more, their wonted charms they
 I joyless hear the jovial reapers sing;
 Wi' careless step along the fields I go,
 A lonely, moving, monument of woe!
 Nae mair, I'll beat to pleasure's witchin' strain,
 The Hope, the Couns'llor o' my youth is gane!

ROBIN.

Wha might he be, whose premature decease,
 Sae deeply wounded thy internal peace?
 Fain wad I hear the story o' thy grief,
 I pray, indulge me, if the tale is brief.

ROWAN.

An' is my Willie's fate to thee unkend?
 My best, my earliest, much lamented friend!
 'Oh! never shall the wonders o' his lear,
 Make me again, wi' admiration stare!
 In languages (whilk heathens spoke langsyne)
 He could harangue, like ony sage divine.
 In mathematics, simple, or abstruse,
 He had the plainest, comprehensive views;
 (An' as a prize for learning sas profound,
 Achiev'd a Euclid elegantly bound)—
 Syne he wad speak on Nature's General Laws,
 An' trace the union o' Effect and Cause;
 Among the Stars he was sublimely redil,
 An' kent their names—for he was College-bred.

Nae mair, wi' him, upon a Summer-day,
 Thro' Nether-Pollak's avenues, I'll stray,
 An' hear him, like an Oracle, comment
 On ilka little, passing incident.
 Nae trifling witticisms deform'd his speech,
 For I was fond to learn, an' he to teach;
 He took a pleasure in instructing me,
 An' I was happy, sae inform'd to be!

I canna hauf describe the joy, that ran
 Thro' my whole bosom, when I first began
 The fairy scenes o' Science to explore,
 An' taste the sweets o' Nature's mystic lore.
 Wi' pleasure he my daily progress ey'd,
 An' candidly to every doubt reply'd;
 Wi' joy, perceiv'd my mental powers expand
 Beneath the culture o' his generous hand,
 Till at his death he judg'd me fit to rule
 An' even succeed him—in the Village-school!

In a serene, insinuating style,
 Wi' wisdom breathing, frae his lips the while,
 The kittlest points he wad distinctly clear,
 An' pour conviction on the sceptic ear!
 Owre learned books, he wad hale e'enings lean,
 Refreshing sleep, a stranger to his een;
 Like some poor bodie, in his mind untight,
 A pale, emaciated, weary wight!
 A meaner wreath, in science he disdain'd,
 If possibly the laurel might be gain'd;
 So when at length he reach'd the glorious prize,
 His constitution fell a sacrifice!

ROBIN.

How vain, at times, are a' the hopes we form!
 The safest gales may usher in a storm;
 We may be biggin' castles in the air,
 When death is howkin' for our banes a lair!

ROWAN.

Tho' a' the hopes are in his grave consign'd,
 That ance gave rapture to my youthful mind,
 I trust ere lang, in a remainin' state,
 Beyond the range o' a capricious fate,
 When thae poor limbs are laid wi' their forebears,
 I wi' the Patron o' my early years,
 Knit in the lasting bands o' mutual love,
 Shall form a friendship in the climes above,
 Which shall thro' ceaseless ages still extend,
 And never dread, and never know an end!

*ELEGY.*

I AM a lonely, naked tree,
 Upon a stormy, barren lea;
 Nae frien'ly willow bears wi' me
 A social part;
 Torn by the winds my branches flee
 On every airt.

How curst am I aboon the lave
 That in yon mottie forest wave!
 Here solitarily I rave
 Shrill to the storm,
 While eddyding gales, rough, shiv'ring stave
 My acking form.

Misfortune on misfortune meets me,
 An' pleasure after pleasure cheats me;
 Nae langer hope, extatic, beats me
 Wi' cheering glow;
 Care like a caterpillar eats me
 Tenacious, slow.

Ye Sages vers'd in Nature's Laws,
 Who from th' effect can trace the cause,
 Say, why owre me fell fortune's tane,
 Incessant smack,
 An' tear wi' ever-deep'ning gaws
 My bleeding back?

Tho' scarcely two and twenty year
 Hae brought me up to manhood here,
 How often has affliction's tear
 Run frae my een,
 An' sorrows mae than I could bear
 My portion been.

Poor wight! for this life how unmeet!
 I sit me down, an' sigh, an' greet;
 Grief darklin weaves my winding sheet
 Wi' yarn unblest,
 O! when will Death wi' summons sweet
 Ca' me to rest!

Then when my spirit wings its flight
 To regions of unmix'd delight,

I'll see that naething was to wyte
 But my ain failings,
 An' sing, wi' rapture, Heaven was right
 In a' its dealings.

EPISTLE TO KATE —

Mr Dearest Kate! if Reason's rightful sway
 Cou'd make the pangs of slighted love obey,
 With what a zeal it would admonish me,
 Frae writing this delirious Card to thee!

But weak is reason, weak is stronger pride,
 If in a youngster's bosom love preside.
 As owre the waving heather, flies the wind,
 An' when it ceases lea's nae trace behind;
 Even sae in vain will reason pow'r exert,
 To bend the stubborn passions o' the heart.

Thee hae I woo'd, for three successive years,
 Amid perpetual jealousies, an' fears;
 Still I lament, an undiminish'd flame,
 My hopes, my fears, and my success the same.
 Were I to lea' thee, whither should I turn;
 Where find condolence frae the woes I mourn?
 Nae ither maid I envy to possess;
 Nae ither maid, my sorrows can redress.
 Oh! durst I hope amid this am'rous strife,
 The joy one day o' calling thee my wife!

This, this alone, wad ilka pang repay,
 While sweet anticipation seiz'd the blessed day!
 O! Kate, the energy o' verse is faint,
 When it essays in colours due, to paint
 The agitated feelings that controul,
 Repel, an' stimulate my weary soul.
 The Muse, wi' pleasure wad its aid exempt,
 An' tremblin', shrinks frae sic a vain attempt.
 What tho' the clouds o' peortith, thick'ning, grim,
 The morning o' our double life should dim;
 On love, bright love! we wad superior rise;
 An' radiant peace, wad lighten all our skies,
 Content, fair Virgin! frae ethereal bowers,
 Wad skirt our cottage wi' immortal flowers:
 Thy love for me,—thy sorrow-soothing smile,
 Wad every carking gloomy care beguile,
 An' I, rich! blest! wad journey life elate,
 Wi' a' the world could furnish, in my Kate!



TO ———

FOND mem'ry still strays o'er the place,
 An' hoards every joy o' the scene,
 Where first I beheld your fair face,
 Your witching ineffable mein.

Kirkubright! I bid thee adieu!
 Ah! where shall I wander frae thee;

Thy haunts where I happiness knew,
How lonely and unknown they be!

Alas! I shall never forget
Our voyage to Saint Mary isle;
There first I was caught in love's net,
As free as a linnet ere while.

In secret I sigh and I weep;
Your image the source of my woes;
My couch, once so sacred to sleep,
Is a stranger to me and repose.

In vision I hurry to Ayr;
I see thee with love in thine eyes,
Address some imperious fair;
Forgetful of me and my sighs.

I envy the favored maid;
So fortunate lovely and gay—
—Then start from my slumbers afraid,
And wish for the dawning of day.

If love thine affections compel,
Remember its hopes and its fears;
Your feelings my wishes can tell,
Then spare my entreaties and tears.

Haste, then, all my griefs to console;
Alas! they are many and keen;

Since first my affections you stole,
With sorrow my portion has been.

Who else can that peace reinstate,
So long from my breast an exile?
Thy frown is the fiat of fate,
And life is the gift of thy smile.



DOUGAL'S MARRIAGE.

A BALLAD.

AULD Dougal was a gallant Carle,
O' ninety years, I ween;
Yet stood as steevly on his shank,
As when he was nineteen.

His Susie, ay by neighbours ca'd
A thriftie carefu' dame,
In spite o' a' her sarks, an' sheets,
Went to her lang, lang hame.

Sair Dougal thol'd the widower's state
A weary month, or sae;
Until at length, he was resolv'd
Anither wife to hae.

For Oh! quo Dougal, I am auld,
An' aulder like to be.

An' soon the happiest joyer o' Hie,
Will yield a' a jay to me!

I'm wearin' fast, an' time to me
Affords nae sweeter charux,
Than just a sonsie, plump young wif,
To keep my handies warm—

Now Jenny Auld, a dainty maid,
O' sixty years an' six,
In vain might a' her arts display,
The roving youth to fix.

An' Peggy Thairms, wi' toothless mou',
Might leuk baith mair, an' fair,
An' wi' a spunk her grey-beard singe,
But Dougal didna care.

For bonnie Mattie o' the mill
A sturdy, strappan girl,
In Dougal's bosom blew a flame,
An' gart his heart-strings dirl.

Tho' in the blossom o' her spring,
Wi' freshest charms array'd,
This gilpy coudna tell the time
When she was last a maid.

Her bosom form'd o' tinder stuff,
Caught fire at ilka spark,

An' young, an' auld, ~~an' auld~~ ~~an' auld~~ ~~an' auld~~,
Woo'd her wi' little ~~an' auld~~.

Nae wonder, then, ~~her~~ ~~thin~~ 'een
Had warm'd our ~~heav~~'s heart,
That had for generations ~~been~~
Could as the ice on Gart.

"My bairn," quo he, "I kenna how
In proper phrase to speak,
~~But let my countenance declare,~~
What I am come to seek.

I've gather'd gear, ~~these~~ ~~seventy~~ year,
An' ilka plack is thine,
That moment thou consents to say,
Dear Dougal, ~~d~~ incline.

Between our ages little lies,
Some sixty years, or sae,
Come Lassie, lay thy loof in mine,
An' make me bless'd this day.

For winter sages on my pow,
An' withers a' my bloom;
An' love wi' never-dying love,
Will a' my pith consume.

Convinc'd nae time was to be lost,—
—She to the bed did gae;

An' Dougal like a Camel strode
To where his wishes lay.

Awa' ye bardie callans a',
Nor hearken at the door,
While our delighted lovers say
What they hae done before—

SONG.

WHERE Cart thro' the plain winds its watery way,
My Menie alane lo'es at gloamin' to stray!
Her form is so tender, so lovely her mein,
Her Rivals surrender, afraid to be seen!

O! Menie, in thee every pleasure is rife!
How blest will he be, who enjoys thee for life!
In vain so much beauty Heaven did not bestow,
For love is a duty to Nature we owe.

The rose on the side o' the burnie blows sweet,
The glory an' pride o' the rural retreat:
Yet vain were its shinin', an' lost its perfume,
Were a' its design in a forest to bloom.

Assist me, ye Powers! her affections to gain,
An' hasten the hours till I ca' her my ain.
To me, life nae gladness without her can bring,
Whilk gars me wi' sadness in solitude sing.

WEAVER'S LAMENT,

ON THE FAILURE OF THE CELEBRATED
STRIKE OF WEAVING, FOR A MINIMUM
OF WAGES, IN 1812.

Ye Weavers cease to mourn an' grieve,
Can bitter sighs your case relieve?
Nae mair let hope your hearts deceive,
Fix'd is your fate;
Be thankfu' ye're allow'd to weave
At ony rate.

Deaf to your earnest cries, an' pray'rs,
Against you ilka door declares,
Nor King, nor Parliamantar cares,
Nor local pow'rs,
A' busy wi' their ain affairs,
They mind not ours.

For refuge whither can we fly?
What ither schemes of succour try?
Where'er we sen' the sorrowing eye,
Or turn the head,
Wives, weans, an' aged parents die,
For lack o' bread!

Alas! that any 'ministration
Should glory to involve a nation,
In ruin, horror, an' starvation,
An' even disdain
D

To make the slightest reparation,
 Tho' it complain.

When wealth to poortith spurns concession,
 Each rank receding in progression;
 When the bien, rural, mid condition,
 O' life is past,
 The *ne-plus-ultra* o' oppression,
 Approaches fast.

An' soon may it approach—blest time!
 Desire o' mony a fervent rhyme!
 Then seeking Right shall be nae crime
 i' the law's esteem;
 Then happiness owre Scotia's clime,
 Again shall beam—

The sturdy tiller o' our plains,
 Whose work demands nae scowth o' brains,
 A competence frae labor gains,
 That in auld age
 Ensures a beild for crazy banes,
 Frae poortith's rage.

Whilst we tho' patient, an' alert
 In mastering an ingenious art;
 Tho' conscious we hae done our part,
 Some gear to gain,
 Perceive wi' sad, foreboding heart,
 Each effort vain.

The manufact'rers strongly feel,
 Our lack o' murphies, an' pease-meal,
 An' as a proof they wish us weil
 Some mae potatoes,
 Add twa three yards to our thrum-keel
 To work at gratis.

What tho' they brav'd the pains o' law,
 An' thol'd baith meikle shame an' jaw,
 Their knaverie past, as they were a'
 Rich wealthy Reivers;
 An' justice thought the crime was sma'
 To gull poor weavers.

Wi' mounds o' auld contracted debt
 On ilka side, we are beset;
 In nae man's beuk we'll farther get,
 Tho' life to save,
 For what we owe, they gie us het
 Fu' mony a crave.

For me, I daurna tak' the street,
 For fear some creditor I meet;
 Even when I chance to hear strange feet
 Upon the stair,
 I'm in a heavy, deadly sweat,
 To ken wha's there.

Hence we are a' sae shifty grown,
 There's scarce a House in Glasgow town,

That pays seven shillings in the poun',
 (A common case)
 But may itself inferior own
 To our sly race.

In correspondence wi' our betters,
 Respecting sundry money-matters,
 They aften ca' us "Men o' Letters,"
 By way o' jeering;
 Few wad believe how muckle debtors
 Are daily bearing.

Were never wretches sae forlorn!
 Were never wrangs sae meekly born!
 From us by violence is torn,
 Each dear-won blessing!
 Our Calling has become a scorn—
 —Ourselves a hissing!

O! Scotia, thy spring is past,
 Thy Simmer but a blink did last,
 Thy leaves are strewing on the blast,
 O' Autumn snell!
 Thy Winter is approaching fast,
 Dark, dour, an' fell!

SONG.

Tune—"My only Jo an' dearie O!"

O! come wi' me to yonder brae,
 My only Jo an' dearie O!
 I fain wad something to thee say,
 Gin thou wad only hear me O!
 When wi' thee in thae lone retreats,
 Enraptur'd high my bosom beats,
 Surveying a' thy virgin sweets,
 'Tis bliss to be sae near thee O!

I hae sma' hope thou wilt be kind,
 My only Jo an' dearie O!
 Or that a damsel sae refin'd,
 Wad as a lover bear me O!
 Yet love still urges, to admire
 Where hope is fated to expire,
 Sweet mistress o' each fond desire,
 Nae rural maid can peer thee O!

Ah! wilt thou think on glitt'ring pelf,
 My only Jo an' dearie O!
 An' let a growling miser elf,
 Wi' whining cant come near thee O!
 His soul nae safter passion warms,
 Encircled in his straining arms,
 Gold, gold alane for him has charms,
 He'd neither love nor fear thee O!

Then chuse wi' me a humbler lot,
 My only Jo an' dearie O!
 Containing thee my frugal cot,
 Shall ay be blythe, an' chearic O!
 Although o' little gear possit,
 Nae jealous fears shall haunt thy rest,
 To my fond, glowing bosom prest,
 Thou'll sleep as soon's a peerie O!

TO J. — M. — July 1812,
 IN RETURN FOR THE LEND OF AN OBSCURE
 POEM.

I LIKE as well attract as say,
 To read a story, smart and funny;
 An' few, I think, take mair delight in,
 Gay, humorous, poetic writing;
 An' doubly rapturous is the pleasure,
 When verse, wi' modesty keeps measure;
 Yet ne'er could trace a single beauty,
 In any sang, profane or fustie,
 Or even approve a Baggio dirty,
 However elegant or witty;
 For from my cheek the smile it dashes,
 An' every finer feeling quashes,
 When wits in each pernicious ally
 Attempt Diviner things to rally.

Because some notable Professor,
 Is of each filthy lust possessor,
 They from this Data, belch a libel,
 'Gainst every doctrine in the Bible:
 Hence 'tis a farce to be religious,
 Was never reasoning so egregious!

Religion, sure, is not to blame
 When hypocrites assume its name;
 Nor can we deem it in the paction,
 When fool priests do a carnal action;
 Still it is pure, and undefiled,
 Tho' they are by their lusts beguiled.

Whatever impious Bards imagine,
 Or Atheists vomit in their ragin',
 This book invulnerable stands
 By proof invetered, on all hands.
 Satire on it may harmless sa't,
 Than bomb-shot on Gibraltar's wa't.
 Who hurts at it, his ridicule
 Is or a madman, or a fool.
 It's truths have stood the test o' ages,
 'Gainst sophists, infidels, an' sages;
 An' still it has the vict'ry gotten,
 Owre the kind o' hellish plottin',
 Nor men, nor Devils can delay,
 The progress o' the Gospel way;
 For Christianity shall stride
 Triumphant, owre the world wide,

An' be the accepted sinner's boast,
When blasphemy in hell is tost!

Ah! thoughtless Johnnie, think betimes,
Frac sin's delirious dream awake,
Like thee a sinner *white* in crimes,
Maun hae a *black* account to make.

This day salvation comes to thee,
Nae langer proffer'd grace disdain,
How horrid will thy portion be,
If every overture is vain!

ANDREW AN' JOCK,

OR, RURAL COURTSHIP.

*Inscribed to Mr William Finlay, Farmer,
Pathhead.—June 6th 1806.*

O! long may pure disinterested love
The lowly walk of rural life adorn!
An' never may their swains licentious rove!
An' never may their maids the bashful scorn!

Dear youthful scenes! tho' from your pleasures torn,
O! still as wont my pensive muse inspire,
Beam on my mem'ry mild, as darkling, lorn,
I strike my plaintive, joy-abandon'd lyre,
An' lend each echoing note, grace, energy an' fire!

Young Andrew, wha had lang an wooer been,
 Ae day determin'd wi' a cronie dear
 To gang at night, an' see his sweetheart Jean,
 To tell his love, an' her acceptance hear.
 The Sun was wearing laigh--the gloaming clear,
 'Twas summer-time, an' ilka thing in bloom
 Made Nature smile,—ae single gill did cheer
 Our youthfu' cadies, for the purse was toom:
 Sae aff they blythely gaed to woo amang the broom.

His *Blackst Jock*, a towzie rattlin' blade,
 Was free an' hearty, never fash'd wi' care;
 An' tho' enamor'd o' a thrawart maid,
 An' aft' repuls'd, he never wad despair.
 Nor was he blate, an easy, manly air,
 He wad assume, an' nicely tell his crack;
 Her saucie gait an fauts he didna spare,
 Nae lies cou'd he, or ony phrasin' mak',
 But what he thought without consideration spak'.

Scafee had they gane a half-a-mile or sic
 Alang the moor, when glowrin' roun' an' roun',
 Jock spied the lasses linking owre the lay,
 Upon a visit to some neighbour town—
 Fu' medly Jean had on a druggat gown,
 Her coat the same, half kiltet to the knee;
 Her hair that wav'd (athwart her haffets) brown,
 Obscur'd the glances o' a modest eie,
 An' blythe an' clean she was, frae affectation free.

An' there as handsome, in a dress as plain,
 Jock's lass (ca'd Nannie) coost her head wi' pride;
 Her scornfu' brows show'd a' entreatie vain,
 While thus she tauntingly did Jean deride.
 "Haste! come awa, or do you mean to bide?
 "Ken ye the errand that we cam' to do?
 "I'll go mysel', what nonsense is't," she cri'd,
 Syne turnin' roun', out owre the riggs she flew,
 Nae doubt expectin', Jock wad keenly her pursue.

What strange politics fill the female mind,
 Thus to insult even where affection lies!
 Aiblins they think to use a lover kind
 Wad make them hateful, in that lover's eyes.
 Yes, some there are, who simple maids entice
 To be partakers o' their brutal lust,
 An' leave them syne, at leisure to grow wise;
 For maids such flatteries ere they wed to trust
 Tho' the reward be base, who can deny it just?

Jock stood an' glowr'd, an' chew'd the nail o's thoom,
 Syne on the swaird he streekit down at ease;
 His heart was light, an' easily coud soom,
 Like a cork bark, upon the stormiest seas.
 His mind was form'd to answer every breeze,
 Nane could be dull that in his presence sat,
 Weel pleas'd himsel', he ever try'd to please,
 A furthy turn, a slee enticing chat,
 Ay friends enow to him, an' bon companions gat.

Now a' the three sat clav'rin' on the green,
 An' Nannie's conduct fairly was discuss't;
 In her behalf lang pled the faithfu' Jean,
 Even tho' she own'd to lea' the jilt was just.
 Weil Jean, quo Jock, my happiness I trust
 Wi' a' your interest you will advance,
 Tell her, frae me, that she from henceforth must
 Be mair agreeable, else never chance
 She'll get frae me again, while Briain fights wi' France,

Jean she agreed, an' said she wadna fail
 To search if love in Nannie's bosom lay,
 To take a walk wi' her at breakfast meal,
 An' hear what she had for hersel' to say.
 To-morrow's night, quo she, at close o' day,
 Baith you, an' Andrew, if he likes himsel',
 May meet me hear, or on yon heather-brae,
 Where ilka word, whate'er it be I'll tell,
 Sae Johnnie, rest content, things yet may turn out well.

Jock thanked her, an' bade them baith guid-night,
 An' left them there amang the broom to rowe;
 It wasna lang I trow, till out o' sight
 They baith were cozie, in a warlock howe!
 Aboon their heads did haizle-bushes grow,
 There Andrew woo'd wi' simple village-art;
 Till Jean at length confess'd an equal lowe,
 An' yielded there to him a virgin heart,
 The noblest boon a maid can to her swain impart!

The cheery lavers now began to sing,
 The day was dawning in the eastern skies,
 The coorin' hares on souple bearers spring,
 The howlet ceas'd her rude, ungracious cries!
 Now to his cave the prowling Reynard hies,
 To pass the day, in hunger, ease, an' sleep;
 Again to moul the weary wabsters rise,
 An' at the hale some morning steal a peep,
 Condemn'd the lee-lang day within their cells to keep !

Our lovers rose,—for it was time to part—
 In ithers arms they took ae melting kiss !
 In raptures Andrew stood, his youthfu' heart
 High heavin' beat, an' flutter'd owre sic bliss!
 Are there who can condemn such love as this?
 For ever may their souls be doom'd to rove
 Wi' spitefu' spirits, in that dark abyss,
 Where hatred reigns, far from those courts above,
 Where a' they see, an' hear, where a', they do, is love !

But dearest fien's man bid adieu at last,
 Nae human power can time's approach gainsay,
 The ruddy morning was advancing fast,
 The twilight vanish'd from its cheering ray.
 Now hame, at length our lovers shape their way,
 An' parted, soon as they the town came near,
 Resolv'd again to meet at close o' day,
 Blythe Jock's an' sullen Nannie's plea to clear,
 Whilk to unravel soon, they had but little fear.

Thus parted they—The breakfast hour gaed bye,
 An' Jock for ance began to dread his fate;
 He broke some yarn, an' left it a' to tye,
 An' aff to Andrew daunert down the gate.
 To him he tauld his melancholy state,
 An' Andrew heard wi' sympathy sincere:
 Says Andrew, " Only for a moment wait,
 I'll get some cash, an' soon be wi' you here,
 We'll go an' take a walk, an' get some Ale-house chear."

The Sun was shinin' glorious in the south,
 Nature grew faint beneath his scorching rays,
 The weaver pinin' curst the birslin' drowth,
 The thankfu' birds alane sung for his praise.
 A' runnin' down frae aff the heather braes,
 The kye tormented wi' the klegs, an' heat,
 Sought caller sheds, to fend them frae sic faes;
 The weary lab'rer wi' his toil did sweat;
 The traveller hirplin', pass'd upon his blister'd feet.

But mortal scenes can only please a while!
 They soon grow palling to the gazer's eye,
 Their verdure fades, their beauties cease to smile,
 For all is vanity beneath the sky!
 Now weary wi' the walk, an' turnin' dry,
 Our trusty neebours bait at the " Red Cow,"
 Where merrily they drank, the hours gaed bye,
 They sat as lang as time wad them allow,
 Till hame at length they sped, wi' love, an' drink half fow'.

Jean kept her promise wi' tenacious care,
 Her love for Andrew made the business light,
 Soon as she rose, to Nannie did repair,
 And fand her sitting in a serious plight:
 "I trow," quo Jean, "ye fool'd yoursel' last night,
 An' made but little o' your pettish haste,
 Sae may they fare ay, who pretend to slight.
 The youth on whom their secret thoughts are plac'd,
 Still seeming shy to him they take delight in maist.

— Were lads to leave us when we geck an' fling,
 How seldom wad we offer to be shy!
 For me, I think, 'tis but a senseless thing
 To seem to those we like, reserv'd, an' dry.
 Some use their wooers ill, an' scarce ken why,
 It beets their pride to see them mean, an' tame,
 But wi' my Andrew's wishes I'll comply,
 Whilst they're untarnish'd by a vicious aim,
 An' whilst he's kin' an' leal, he'll find me ay the same."

Says Nannie, "Lads if ance they get their will
 Turn free, syne cool, syne never fash us mair;
 'Tis best to keep them at a distance still,
 An' let them frowns, as weil as kindness share:
 For every fellow d'ye think I care,
 Wha likes to woo me, wi' a flattering tale?
 I'm young-enough, this towmond to despair,
 For any Rake; as yet, my heart is hale,
 I'll leuk about me weil, an' for a guid ane wale."

"For ought I heard, or could perceive yestreen,
 Jock was as easy as ye fain wad be,
 Wild anger sparkled in his dark-blue een,
 An' thus, in rising wraith, he said to me,
 The vera first time, Jean, yon jilt you see,
 Tell her 'tis time, to lea' aff joking now,
 An' since its out my power wi' her to gree,
 Frae this time forth, I bid her ay adieu,
 She'll never need again, my presence to eschew."

"This night wi' him, an' Andrew, I shall meet
 Aboon the howm, atween an' the Mill-brae,
 When, if ye binna sweer to fyle your feet,
 About that time we'll up the water stray."
 "A-weil," quo Nan, "wi' you I'm redd to gae,
 My heart relents, an' gars me this reveal,
 For any thing that I may do, or say,
 Jock's just as welcome as another cheil,
 An' tho' I'm whiles camstrary, that he kens owre weil."

Now Jean an' Andrew, Jock an' Nannie met,
 In better tune, than either party wist:
 Nan, smiling, soon gart Jock his grief forget,
 An' clear'd his countenance, wi' care opprest
 Sae, on a Simmer morn, thro' thick'ning mist,
 The Sun is dimly seen, without a ray:
 Tho' for a while it may his warmth resist,
 His genial power soon melts the fog away,
 An' brightly shines serene, owre rising wood, an' brae:

Yet still narration fails—we may conceive,
 But canna paint, the joy in Johnnie's mind;
 Scarce could he speak, an' scarcely could believe
 His vera een, that saw his Nannie kind!
 His arms around her yielding body twin'd,
 Soon made him master o' a sweet embrace!
 Her saucie leuk nae mair his will confin'd;
 A pleasing smile upon her sonnie face,
 Made a' her beauties shine, wi' mair enchantin' grace!

Jock thanked Jean, for a' that she had done,
 An' wish'd her help he never mair might need;
 Young Andrew did the same, they parted soon,
 Ilk took the road that nearest hame did lead.
 Since that time, Jock had never cause to dread,
 His Nannie ay has been sae frank, an' free;
 Despair, nae mair is like to be his dead,
 But ay successfu', fu' o' mirth, an' glee,
 There's not a happier lad, in a' the town, than he!



APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN—

1809.

O! Sun, no pleasure to me thou
 Impartest with thy genial light;
 No longer I enraptur'd glow,
 Beneath thy summer-visage bright!

I wander, lone, a musing wight,
 Wretched, disconsolate, forlorn;
 And seek the veriest gloom of night
 To shade me, from the public scorn!

How happy were my early days,
 From error, and reflection free!
 When I on Cartha's flow'ry braes,
 Pursu'd the tiny eident bee!
 My soul then on its highest key,
 O' happiness touch'd every string,
 That coud the sma'est pleasure gie,
 An' sipp'd the honey—but the sting!

Dark an' dejected, now I walk,
 An' thoughtful, heave the bitter sigh;
 Or like some restless spirit stalk,
 Whose murder'd banes, unburied lie.
 I view the ragin', troubled sky;
 The hail, an' sleet, an' snaw, an' rain,
 Alternate, in confusion fly,
 Wi' horrors suited—to my ain!

Pour on, ye pelting elements,
 An' blaw, ye winds, wi' louder roar,
 An' bear their liquid cauld contents,
 Owre Scotia's hills, frae shore to shore.
 Exhaust each firmamental store,
 Ye tempests, frae your caverns haste,
 Till Nature bleed, at every pore,
 An' a' her mountains lie a waste!

To me this is the true sublime,
 Poetic feelings swell on high;
 I, dimly, bode the wreck o' time,
 When Nature's very self, maun die!
 I feel, a faintly glimm'ring joy,
 That struggles thro' my mental gloom,
 An' elevates, I know not why,
 My soul, owre Nature and her tomb.

Tho' here I waste in hopeless sighs,
 All comfortless, the long'ring hour;
 Tho' unseen difficulties rise,
 An' round me, darkly, thick'ning, lower;
 Still to that all-sufficient Power,
 My weary soul woud gladly fly;
 Whose shade, alone, shall be a tower,
 When Time restores Eternity!

THE POOR MAN.

THE hist'ry o' a poor man's sorrows,
 Laid in the morn o' life before us,
 Wad cool our fervency in wooin',
 An' save much Matrimonial Ruin.

Yet sooth it is, tho' nought is queerer,
 Hope, in distress, his daily chearer,
 Is ever ready to content him,
 Wi' whate'er Providence has sent him;

By whisp'ring in his lug, some promise,
That a' his better luck to come is.

Hence, he ne'er granes for ought that rare is,
Content wi' common necessities;
Hale claise, an' eatable provision,
The cap-stane is o' his ambition;
An' aith his winnin' is precarious,
His wants are never multifarious,
If cannily frae week, to week,
His income, and expences cleek,
Wi' now an' then, a plack to spare,
He's happy an' desires nae mair.

Yet if he chance to fa' behin',
An' in some Grocer's Ledger rin,
Tho' he were toiling late an' early,
An' living ne'er sae mean an' sparely,
He'll scarce get clear, an' 'tis nae wonder,
Ill trade, ill prices, keep him under;
His ilka meal the Grocer pesters—
His furniture the Laird sequesters—
Tormented ilka day by dunning,
Auld debts defending—new ones running—
Sae money ills against him leaguin,
Requires most masterly intriguing,
To keep a family frae starvation,
Frae ruin, and incarceration.

JOVE'S CORNIE TAE.

'Tis strange, that Grecian Bards forget to tell,
 How on the summit o' Olympus' brae,
 The Gods conven'd to haud a Holiday,
 When this droll farce maist pitiously befel.
 A' roun' the grand celestial table plac't,
 Wi' best o' meat, an' choicest viands grac't;
 — Like fuddlers, in a Ale-house, blythe they sat,
 Passing the time in frien'ly chat,
 'Till they agreed amid their social mirth,
 (That each might show his cheating arts,)
 To imitate the sons o' earth,
 An' hae a game at Cartes.

Wi' that, their Deityships divide;
 Great Jove an' Bacchus teuk a side:
 An' frae among the ither Heavenly powers,
 They bauldly Mars, an' Mercury, defi'd,
 For ony bet, to dight them at "All Fours."
 Nae sooner said, than doughty Mars cried, Done,
 An' sae the Game was instantly begun.
 But scarcely Jove twa luckless tricks had play'd,
 When a vile accident his fun way-laid.
 Auld doitet Vulcan, coomie as a sweep,
 Wi' drinking tir'd, an' hauf inclin'd to sleep,
 (For now the dawn peep'd o' the second day)
 Some how or ither, (Authors canna tell,)
 Rising, to make his water, owre he fell,
 On Jove's right foot, who had a cornie tae—

—The Thund'rer skreigh'd wi' sic a hideous roar,
 That a' Olympus, to the Ægean shore,
 An' Greece thro' ilka hole an' neuk,
 Wi' nameless dread an' terror sheuk!

Sae loudly did his Godship yell,

Poor Vulcan, he b— himsel'!

An' ither Deities (the cause unkend,)

Thought heaven, an' earth, an' sport was at an end.

"Curse ye!" cries Jupiter, "ye blasted cullie,"

(For Jove cou'd ban like ony tap-room bullie,)

"Far less wad gar me tak' your crutch,

An' work it owre your hurdies like a switch!

Get out my sight, I say, ye reekje deevil!

Or, by the vengeance, wi' this kneeve I'll

Gar your dull, footit, brains

Jaup on Heaven's causie stanes!"

Up Vulcan stacher'd, frae below the table,

An' limped aff, as weil as he was able,

Blessing his stars, ye needna doubt,

He was permitted to get safely out.

Say, Muse, wha wadna up an' rin,

'To hain a weil pay'd skin?

Sorrow—a ane—

At length his brither Gods made intercession

Wi' Jupiter, to pardon his transgression:

An' as his bet wi' this affray was lost,

They wad together club, an' pay the cost.

Wi' that, the Thunderer, appeas'd,

Cries, "Curse it, Vulcan, if he pleas'd,

Might take his seat again;"
 But he for mony a night an' day
 Coudna forget his ' Cornie Tae,'
 Sae gnawing was the pain——

TAMMIE AN' ALLAN.

LET ither Bards their sprightly harps employ
 In blyther strains, o' merriment an' joy;
 My tears, an' pipe, in harmony shall flow,
 To chant my ain, or soothe anither's woe;
 Let rural love, an' a' its cares be mine,
 An' I wi' joy will a' their joys resign.

Calm was the gloamin' o' that Simmer day,
 The Sun was blawin' out his hin'maist ray,
 When luckless Tammie, jilted by his bride,
 Took his last walk on Cartha's flowery side;
 Dull, dark, an' hollow, was that glancin' eie,
 Sae lively ance, sae fu' o' love an' glee;
 His youthfu' face owrecastr'd wi' sick'ning care,
 Exhibited a wild'ring, vacant stare;
 Not even the remnant o' a manly grace
 Coud be acknowledg'd, on that once fair face;
 W' ling'ring step along the bank he stray'd,
 An' pausing often—nam'd the faithless maid!
 At length wi' Allan, near the *Hole-Burn* mouth,
 He met—an' sighing thus address the youth.

TAMMIE.

O! for a frien', to whom I might impart
The overflowings of a broken heart!

ALLAN.

To me ye may in confidence disclose
The latent spring, o' your apparent woes;
Perhaps my counsel may suggest relief,
An' dock the wild luxuriance o' grief.

TAMMIE.

An' will ye, Allan, wi' attentive ear,
The sad narration o' my sorrows hear,
How first I fell in love, wi' a' that past
'Tween me an' faithless Ann, frae first to last?

ALLAN.

Yes, yes I will, sae wi' your tale proceed,
To a' its various windings I'll gie heed.

TAMMIE.

Weil may I min' that happy New'r-day night,
Nae love fash'd me then, an' my heart was light;
Then first I saw my Annie, sweetest maid!
In a' the charms o' innocence array'd;
An' tho' the simple features o' her face,
Were not distinguish'd by superior grace,
There was in a' her gait, an' in her eie,
An unkent something, that enchanted me!

Soon after this, anither lad an' I
Resolv'd, for ance, this lovely lass to try;
An' as the Sun was gaun to change his clime,
We coudna pass that unco meikle time—

Sae aff we set owre mony a whinnie brae,
 For thro' a muir the road to Annie lay,
 We nimble streekit owre the dewie green,
 An' soon the cottage o' my hopes was seen.

Now gloamin' grey aboon the woods appear'd;
 Nae mair the mavis' mellow note was heard;
 The little chanter a' were hush'd—an' sleep
 Alang their weary frames began to creep.

Far down a glen beneath a hazle shade,
 A lonely Shepherd on a whistle play'd;
 Weil coud I guess by his pathetic strain,
 Like me he was in love—like me, in pain!
 Ah! why soud maids by one unvaried rule,
 The dearest objects o' their bosom snool,
 Wi' scorn imbitter a' our nameless pangs,
 An' seem delighted when we tell our wrangs?

Awa' for Annie my companion far'd,
 While down I sat me on the gowany swaird;
 An' tho' I waited his return wi' pain,
 Hope ever ready sowther'd a' again!

By this time Annie an' my frien' drew near,
 Her bright'ning presence banish'd ilka fear;
 Strange, new emotions thro' my bosom went,
 My vera saul, at ilka glance was sent!
 Her lovely visage beaming wi' a smile,
 Becalm'd my troubled passions for the while.

My Comrade left me—left me by the side . .
 O' a clear spring, to woo his future bride;
 Blest, before lang, my Annie's heart to share,
 While I soud pine, in anguish, an' despair!
 How little dreaded then! when I carest
 The fickle maid, an' held her to my breast!
 Her bosom beat in unison wi' mine,
 Her soul, responsive, seem'd my soul to join!
 The moon, that lighted many a scene o' care,
 Ne'er shed her beams upon a happier pair!

But it wad be owre lang for me, to tell,
 The various turns o' fortune that befel,
 How often we amang the queyles o' hay,
 In ithers arms—full many an e'ening lay!
 Delightful hours! wi' what a speed ye past,
 O! wad my present minutes slide as fast!
 Ye sweetest pleasures o' my blasted prime!
 Ye mutual vows, exchang'd full many a time!
 Maun I for aye my Annie's falsehood mourn?
 An' will she never, never mair return?
 An' is she fix'd, to be thro' coming life
 My Comrades mate? tho' sworn to be my wife!
 O! little did I think that ever he,
 Or plighted Annie, wad sae cruel be!
 O! weak is language! weak the Poet's art,
 To paint the woes that wring my bursting heart!
 O! soon to me may life's last foe arrive,
 An' wrap in clay, the veriest wretch alive!
 An' waft my spirit from a world away,
 Bereft o' every joy, to cheer my stay!

TO ANGER—AN ODE.

I.

O! **ANGER**, ruler of the stormy face!
 When to thy sway all tender thoughts give place,
 Reflection far away is driven,
 And anarchy embroils the mind,
 With force resistless, unconfin'd,
 And human reason, to the wind
 Is for a moment given.

II.

Thou from the family of Pride
 Art sprung, by the maternal side:
 Suspicion, (of surmise afraid)
 Begot thee on the lofty-looking maid,
 In an unguarded, thought-abandon'd hour;
 Not in a love-frequented bower,
 But in some gloomy, drear, infernal shade!
 By furies haunted, with imperious power.

III.

To all submission, and persuasion, deaf;
 All trembling over, like an aspen leaf;
 Foaming, threat'ning, wild with rage,
 Vengeance only can assuage
 Thy rude unmeaning will!
 While from thy redly-rolling eyes
 The living flame, consuming, flies—
 Denouncing ever, and receding still—

In action rapid—but of utterance brief—
 Regardless of all ties,
 Or friends, or foes,
 Whoever dare oppose
 Thy madness, or the paroxysm expand,
 Are victims doom'd by thy unsparring hand!



VALENTINES—TO A.

O! FORTUNE, thou art mair than kind,
 Sae generous to me!
 For who mair likely to my mind,
 Than Allister cou'd be?

Thrice frae the lap o' chances, slow
 Thy wish'd-for name I drew;
 And thrice I felt love's sweetest glow,
 Enraptur'd at the view!

O! may the Powers that rule above,
 Whom lovers a' revere,
 Thy unengaged feelings move
 This selfish plaint to hear!

But if thy neutral heart disdain,
 A hapless maid to bless,
 Increase not wi' contempt her pain,
 A smile will make it less.

If thou my trembling hopes an' fears,
 Regard wi' silent scorn;
 An' leave me to indulge in tears,
 All wretched an' forlorn.

Soon may thy cauld unfeeling heart,
 Wi' equal ardor burn,
 For some maid cruel as thou art,
 Who will my wrangs return.

O! Allister, too truly fair,
 A virgin's sighs are thine!
 Then do not leave her wi' despair,
 In solitude to pine.

In earnest o' a better state,
 Let me thy favor share,
 An' I wi' happiness shall wait
 Till time our love declare.



TO E. F——

ALAS! what fuel to my flame
 Was heaped on last night!
 Three times I drew thy dear lov'd name,
 An' thrice I blest the sight!

Tho' partial fortune o' my mate
 Had left the choice to me;
 What fairer youth to rule my fate,
 Could I hae wish'd than thee?

Not hauf sae fragrant is the air,
 That sighs along the heath,
 Thro' violets, an' roses fair,
 As thy ambrosial breath.

Amid the rosy bloom o' youth,
 Health wantons o'er thy cheek;
 O! may thy bosom know the truth,
 Such Graces a' bespeak!

If ever love disturb'd thy breast,
 O! think an' pity mine!
 There better will it be exprest
 Than in a Valentine.

SONNET.

O! POETRY, how often hast thou sooth'd,
 The latent throbbings of a broken heart!
 How often hath thy heaven-bequeathed art,
 The rugged path-way of my wand'rings smooth'd!

If unawares the bashful crimson steal,
 In public, o'er my colour-changing cheek,
 In solitude I consolation feel,
 And find with thee, joys many dare not seek!
 Still may thy numbers rolling on supine,
 Dispel my mental, melancholy gloom!
 Thine is the art! the powerful charm is thine,
 On desert hills, to make an Eden bloom;
 To raise the soul o'er every human woe,
 And all the vain contempt a scoffing world can show.



EPITAPH,
ON MR WILLIAM PATON, LATE TEACHER
IN POLLOKSHAWS.

WHEN genius, worth, and learning all unite,
 To crave the poor donation of a tear,
 Can any eye withhold the watery mite,
 When Paton claims the simple tribute here?

TO A NEIBOUR RHYMER.

POLLOKSHAWS—JULY, 1809.

DEAR Sir, I wad be unco fond,
 (However inconvenient,)
 With you at times to correspond,
 In simple rhymes, and lenient.
 I haena travell'd mony years,
 Just gaun in three-and-twenty;
 For ought I brag aboon my peers,
 Ye may-be think 'em plenty.

A queer, unconquerable love
 I've ta'en for Scotia's Muses;
 Nae *potion* this *disease* can move,
 A' counsel it abuses.
 Sin' ever I could buy or read
 A verse of weil met measur'd,
 Nae youthful folly might exceed
 This literary pleasure.

Gie me a beuk, where sprightly turns
 Of genuine humor glances,
 And my soul with derision spurns
 Debauching fairs, and dances.
 In beuks there is a pure delight,
 Unknown to sensual riot;
 What is the laughter of a night?
 Bane of domestic quiet—

But dinna think I am morose,
 Or an unsocial creature;
 A Philosophical repose,
 Comes nearest to my nature.
 Ay now and then, when care and grief,
 Wad spuilzie pleasure's border,
 I strike my harp, it brings relief,
 And sets me all in order.

Tho' I am fanciful at times,
 (An' baith confess and know it)
 In thinking my unhappy rhymes,
 Should christen me a —Poet—
 By virtue of this sacred gift,
 I've in a *jiffie* raised,
 Gay edifices in the lift,
 Which the neist breath debased.

Hence, rhyming is my Hobby-Horse,
 When I incline to canter;
 And weil it kens the flowery course,
 Where I am wont to saunter.
 Look round and round, with careful peep,
 Let keen inspection guide on,
 And shew me aye that disna keep
 A *Hobby-Horse*, to ride on.

The miser, he on treasure doats,
 Fast in his coffers lockit;

The Beau on fashionable coats;
 On ruffs and lace, the coquette.
 The wrinkled auld forsaken prude
 Decries ilk youthful notion;
 And aft intolerably gude,
 Confounds us with devotion.

Of all that keep a Nag to ride,
 Their agile powers to try on,
 Nane hate I waur to trot beside,
 Than troopers bound for Zion.
 They never leave the King's highway,
 If ony brither sees them,
 But gallop finely down the brae,
 So soon as e'er he lea's them.

They winna prie, nor pay a gill,
 Sic practices they hate them,
 Tho' they coud empty half a *Still*,
 Gin ony ane wad treat them.
 The whole of their religion lies
 In ceremonial notions;
 It maksna what they may practise,
 If loud in their devotions.

Bring me the man,—whate'er his faith—
 Blythe, free, and open-hearted;
 Wha can wi' prudence use his breath,
 When *splitting points* are started.

This man, altho' by seelots deem'd,
 An unregenerate creature,
 Shall by the virtuous be esteem'd,
 A grace to human nature.

How many castles in the air,
 Tho' but imaginary,
 Involve their builders in despair,
 When they of course miscarry!
 Even I hae seen my ain ayes grow,
 Crown'd with the other storey,
 Till down it rattled on my pow,
 And crush'd me in my glory!

Ye vain ideal architects,
 Seek for a sure foundation;
 And dinna risk your precious necks,
 With your ain rash creation.
 Gin ye frae me wad hear advice,
 (Wha sometimes try'd the biggin')
 Ne'er trust yoursel's, if ye be wise,
 On sic a fairy riggin'.

While sitting weaving on the loom,
 While chirring ran the shittle,
 I've por'd into my future doom,
 And thought I saw a little.
 Thro' distant scenes, prophetic hope
 Pour'd pleasures in profusion,

Till something made the shuttle stop,
And broke the sweet delusion.

Ah! these are joys the wretched may,
And sometimes do, partake of;
Joys, which the miserable have,
More wretched for the sake of!
Of all the pleasures thought affords,
In every situation,
None with the human frame accords
Sad weill's anticipation.

Anticipation! but for thine
Unspeakable assistance,
The shocks of penury languish,
Had finished my existence!
Oh! never may thy magic fail
To succour the distressed;
The more may we thy friendship hail,
The more we are oppressed!

Some think, this dreaming of our brains
Is gendered by vanity;
And when a certain height it gains,
Is downright, mad, insanity.
The starving votaries of rhyme,
Sigh after immortality;
They pant beyond the bounds of time,
And scorn concise locality.

Now, Sir, the hale intent of this
 Confus'd philosophising
 Is, to aver, on Homer's lis',
 I ance had thought of rising.
 I aften thought, some seasons hence,
 My sangs might cut a figure,
 Tho' youth still hindered pretence
 To wittiness, or vigor.

In harmony I seldom fand
 Our Scottish Bards inferior;
 Sae ween'd thro' time I might command
 An elegant exterior.
 Yet still there is a something mair
 Than superficial shining!
 A something far transcending lear,
 A something past defining!

Sweet may the mournful ditty flow,
 Soft sighing thro' an arbour;
 Yet not a thought inspiring woe,
 In all its pathos harbour.
 Let feeble Bards to kittle fun,
 Curse, rage, and rhyme, and rave at;
 What signifies their fufs when done,
 If void of nameless *naivette*?

Dull Sonnetteers may make a shift
 A Ballad theme to drive at;

Bright genius, Heaven's immediate gift,
 They never will arrive at,
 This is a truth of ancient date,
 True wit can ne'er be hired—
 A sterling Bard, or mean, or great,
 Is from the womb inspired.

I've been inform'd that ye intend,
 with laudable ambition,
 In spite o' a' your foes to vend,
 Of rhymes a small edition.
 Your dauntless spirit I commend,
 And noble resolution,
 That dares Parnassus to ascend,
 Despising persecution.

Like Ministers, wha think it sin
 To encroach their hearers time on,
 I'll lea' aff, and let you begin,
 As I've naething mair to rhyme on.
 Sae, fare-ye-weil, and may your rhyme
 A laurel chaplet twine you;
 And Scotia's Sons till latest time,
 Among her Bardies min' you!

EPITAPH.

HERE Willie Jackson's dust is laid,
 A poor, despis'd, forgotten thing!
 Through life he pass'd of a' afraid—
 —Death made him equal to a King.

*A HYMN.*

REDEEMER Gracious! deign to smile,
 In mercy and compassion,
 On me a sinner, loathsome, vile,
 An' weak, beyond expression.
 Before thy throne in dust I lie,
 No pow'r to raise myself have I;
 O! turn on me a pitying eye,
 Forgive each foul transgression!

My sins before thee, manifold,
 Are still increasing daily!
 My heart is treacherous, and cold,
 When Satan doth assail me.
 Mine earnest cry and prayer hear,
 Some comfort whisper in mine ear;
 Then shall I walk and know no fear,
 Thro' Death's fiend-haunted valley.

A gleam of light streams thro' my mind,
 I feel some consolation;
 That sinners who repent shall find,
 And taste, the great salvation.
 Yes, tho' thy holy Sp'rit I grieve,
 Almighty Father, I believe
 Messiah shall my soul retrieve
 From future condemnation.

Farewell, all earthly joys! adieu
 Your vanities so fleeting;
 My heart for ever wean'd from you,
 Deems all your pleasures cheating.
 No more your vain delights I prize,
 My soul is journeying to the skies;
 For there its better portion lies,
 Secure from Canker's eating.

EPISTLE TO JAMES PEACOCK.

DEAR Sir, I've ettled this some time
 A holy theme to say in rhyme;
 But thought it might be ca'd a crime,
 Uncouth to mingle,
 Truth sae important, and sublime,
 In Scottish jingle.

I've thought on't, owre an' owre again,
 Wi' serious study, care, an' pain;
 An' still this *fact* to me seems plain,
 Without a swither,
 Heaven's will nae language can explain
 Mair than anither.

Yet how can I, a learless wight,
 Pretend to think I'm in the right;
 Or hope that sinners will draw light
 Frae my dark lines,
 Or heed my jargon, when they slight
 The best Divines?

'Tis not in man to turn the heart,
 (How feeble ev'ry pious art !)
 Its blessing Heaven maun impart,
 Else all in vain,
 The brightest Preacher will exert
 His loftiest strain.

The Gospel of our Maker's grace,
 The refuge of our fallen race,
 Depends on neither time, or place,
 On bond or free;
 All who its precious truths embrace,
 Shall saved be.

Aft hae I wi' displeasure seen,
 A learless preacher's lowly mien,
 The most invidious spirit screen,
 'Gainst men o' letters;
 Yet aiming to be thought bedeen,
 Among their betters.

For ever they are scoffing, gurning,
 About the ornaments o' learning;
 Yet may a man, o' sma' discerning,
 Without ane shewing,
 Perceive the creatures sweating, yearning,
 To be thought knowing.

Yes, learning is their detestation;
 Tho' why, exceeds my penetration,
 I marvel how in a' the creation,
 'Gainst it they dare say,
 Whilst lying wholly by translation,
 At learning's mercy?

Our English Bible second hand is,
 An' tho' that the translation grand is,
 Can any fully understand this,
 Or truly speak,
 Anent the things it may command us,
 Withouten Greek?

Sae Paul, an orator complete,
 Brought up at Sage Gamaliel's fest,
 Tho' with the purest heavenly heat
 His soul was fraught,
 In language learn'd, strong, smooth an' sweet,
 The Gospel taught.

Awa' ye self important race;
 Ye may hae zeal,—yet little grace—
 Tho' if a deep sagacious face
 May pass for it,
 Than you, to fill a Doctor's place,
 There's nane mair fit.

How some can preach who scarce can spell,
 Tho' grace be great—I canna tell—
 Yet this I'll say, an' that's nae ill,
 O' a Lay-preacher,
 Somebody wiser than mysel',
 Shall be my teacher.

THE FORSAKEN LASSIE.

WHEN Willie first made love to me,
 Beneath my Daddy's Hollan tree,
 O! then my heart was light an' free,
 For naebody I cared!
 Nae idle whims my brain possest,
 Peace reign'd unrivall'd in my breast,
 Blythe were my days, an' sweet my rest,
 Nae dreams my slumber scared!

Frae earliest morn to latest eve,
 Nae inward cause had I to grieve,
 Sae did my wark the time deceive!

We aft regret what we refuse;
 Nae langer fickle Willie wooes;
 Nae mair for me a posie pu's,
 Or ca's me his dear lassie.
 Driven by my cauldribe scorn an' pride,
 He sought the maid o' Gowan-side,
 An' fauce reports that she's a bride,
 It maun be true what a' say.

Now for my faut I justly smart,
 In love I was sae unexpert,
 I little thought he had my heart!

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.*Tune—"Maggie Picken."*

LET Fame upon her loudest horn
 Resound the feats of Bannockburn,
 An' Patriots ever hail the morn
 So dear to Caledonia!
 Then vengeance met our Country's foes,
 An' thousands fell that never rose,
 To expiate the num'rous woes,
 Pour'd out on Caledonia.

Then Royal Bruce, the "King o' spears,"
 Surrounded by his warlike Peers,
 Led to the charge our brave forebears,
 The flow'r o' Caledonia.
 Proud Edward! on the other side,
 Brought up the English strength an' pride,
 An threaten'd wi' a bluidy tide
 To deluge Caledonia.

What Bard in equal numbers may
 The deeds o' chivalry display,
 That render'd this triumphant day
 The first in Caledonia?
 Our Scottish heroes sought the strife,
 Or gaining fame—or yielding life,
 "For a' the joys o' man an' wife,"
 Were stak'd by Caledonia.

The English Archers onward came,
 Exulting in their former fame,
 An' vow'd to quench the feeble flame
 That lighted Caledonia!
 But Bruce sustain'd the dreadful shock,
 An soon the Southron legions broke,
 Syne scatter'd like a wreath o' smoke,
 They fled frae Caledonia!

O! lang may Scottishmen revere
 The sacred banes reposing here!
 An' ay their mem'ry claim a tear,
 Frae gratefu' Caledonia.
 Lang may Great Bruce's standard-stane,
 A witness on her fields remain,
 To prove that England strove in vain,
 To conquer Caledonia!



· · · · ·
 EPISTLE
 TO
 ROBERT TANNAHILL.
 POLLOKSHAW, FEB. 1808.

My peace be wi' you, TANNAHILL,
 I howp ye winna tak' it ill,
 Tho' I, (a stripling at your will)
 This soud hae sent,
 To ane like you, whose rhyming skill
 Sae weil is kent.

My mind it wadna let me settle,
 Till I sould greet you for your mattle;
 Sae here at last, wi' tim'rous ettle,
 I write in measure,
 An', as Parnassus hill is kittie,
 I'll climb at leisure.

Weil may your worthy honor'd name,
 The just reward o' laurels claim;
 Thy merit will ensure thy fame,
 To future times;
 An' Bards unborn, may wish thy flame
 To light their rhymes.

O! had I only half the glee,
 The wit, the lingo, judgment free,
 Whilk in thy various songs I see,
 Nae snawling scribble
 O' envious critic, wad gie me
 The sma'est trouble!

Come! dinna halt, but blythely sing
 Till bleak Gleniffer echoes ring;
 Your fiddle sweet, stent ilka string,
 Aw' dinna spare't;
 Haste! play up anither spring,
 I lang to hear't.
 H

Sing as ye wunt o' Highland Harry;
Or ancient Muirland mad to marry;
Make fashionable follies bare ay
Where'er ye gang;
But O! religious failings spare ay
In ilka sang.

The great, inimitable Burns,
In a' his social ready turns;
Or when he human frailty mourns,
 Bards weil may copy;
But when he at religion spurns,
 They there should stop ay.

Tho' Coila's rural, aiten reed,
Did every minstrel's harp exceed,
That ever twang'd on this side Tweed,
Wi' rapt'rous string,
Maun we for that adopt his creed,
Whene'er we sing?

[Opinion as the wind is free,
What may be sterling truth to *thee*,
May seem incredible to *me*,
Of reason bare,
Then by our own faith why should we
Our neighbour's square?

'Tis most unfeeling in th' extreme,
 The tenets of a friend to deem,
 The idle melancholy dream
 Of a dull brain,
 Whilst to another ours may seem,
 As weak an' vain.

Uncharitable is the man,
 Whatever his religious plan,
 Who rigidly presumes to ban
 His neighbours' creed;
 All have an equal right to scan
 Whate'er they read.

Altho' owre us the Bible may
 Possess but little, if no sway,
 We but our narrow souls display
 To ca' them fools,
 Who conscientiously obey,
 Its holy rules.

When on the dread approach of death,
 We bid adieu to all beneath,
 How precious is the Christian's faith
 Beyond a' prizing!
 Believing what this *Volume* saith—
 He dies rejoicing.
 H 2

But mark the slaver how he cowers,
 If sickness sap his sandy tow'rs;
 Wi' maniac woe-foreboding glow'rs,
 Wildly he stares,
 An' his last breath despairing pours,
 In hopeless pray'rs.

For me, with pleasure I'd forego
 All rhyming excellence, below,
 The love of Heaven aright to know,
 An' brook a share,
 Blest antidote of sin and woe,
 Death an' despair !]

Why should we dedicate our lays
 To Bacchus, an' his vet'ries' praise ?
 Maun we our future fame to raise
 Sing scenes of lewdness,
 An' laugh an' jeer at wiser ways,
 An' moral goodness ?

Let us inspir'd with nobler aims,
 Each wild propensity reclaim,
 An' every vicious bias tame
 Which dares controul,
 An' point to virtuous goals of fame
 The human-soul.

Our Scottish Poets a' o' late,
 Wi' senseless verse, our feelings grate;
 Burns they admire, an' imitate
 His lewdest style,
 Without his comic-gee, or haet
 To raise a smile.

Thinkna, Sir, you I criticise,
 The vera thought o't I despise,
These when they tempt Parnassian skies,
 Maun sink wi' shame,
 Tho' sic as you will ever rise
 Wi' honest fame.

Your thoughts original are drawn,
 An' ta'en frae Nature, at first han',
 A customer at her leal stan',
 Your sangs declare you,
 Sae dinna break for ought you're aw'n,
 She yet can spare you.

Yes, Nature still devoid o' art,
 Can touch, an' captivate the heart,
 A finer pathos can impart,
 Than learning gi'es,
 Can teach, or comfort, or divert
 Wi' equal ease.
 H 3

Auld Scotland yet may sidge, an' snide,
 An' half forget the Bard o' Goid;
 Weil blawn by thy poetie toff,
 Her fame may flee,
 Baith far an' wide, for mony a mile;
 Owre lan' an' sea.

But you may think, Sir, that I flatter,
 An' plague you wi' my fulsome clatter;
 But may I steepit be in water,
 Owre head an' ears,
 If I your sense wi' fits bespatter,
 Or ettle-jeers.

Now to conclude—If ye this have
 Wad wi' a rhyming answer favours,
 I, tho' a mongrel-stanza raver,
 Wad ne'er forget it,
 But owre my dearest noons for ever
 Wad highest set it.*

* THE Stanzas contained within the brackets, were omitted in the Epistle sent to Mr. Tannahill. They are, however, inserted again, as I am aware of no reason, why they should be left out now. The following extract, therefore, from his answer to the above, can only be considered as relating to the Stanzas, which he received.

A HINT TO SOME SECTARIANS.

Ye staunch Professors, leal an' crouse,
 Wha never wi' the flesh make truce,
 Brought up about the L—d's ain house,
 Your right is plain,
 To send a' Parties to the Deuce,
 Except your ain.

Paisley, 5th March 1868.

DEAR SIR,

I should ere now have owned the receipt of your very friendly Epistle, and intended to return it in kind, but I find that the Muse has rather jilted me for the present. You must be sensible, that a person cannot at all times sit down to write a Poem, as a Joiner would do to make a Chair; therefore, I hope you will accept of these, my plain prose acknowledgments. Independent of the compliments with which your verses honour me, they certainly possess a considerable share of poetical merit.

I was gratified on finding that my efforts had in some degree pleased the good folks in your Town, and now, since my poetical muses have rather subsided, I can as clearly discern, and as readily acknowledge their deficiencies, as if they had been written by any other person, (at least I think so.) You may perhaps hear from me at a future period. In the mean time, believe me to Be, yours,

with due respect,

ROBERT TANNWELL.

What ails ye at weil meaning bodies,
 Ay pooking at their legal duddies!
 Wad ye hae them to rin like *scuddies*,
 Without a rag,
 Because, forsooth! their Savior's rood is
 Their sina'est brag?

I believe a number of my readers will consider the publication of the above Extract, as a palpable instance of vanity in me. It may appear so to them. I, however, should be wanting in that respect for my own character, (which the most illiberal of my detractors must allow, on a due investigation of my case, to be laudable,) were I to omit such a fair opportunity, of exhibiting to those who have so *eminently sneered* at my presumption in giving these contemptible trifles to the world,—the approbation of a 'Poet of Nature,' to at least one of *these trifles*.—Few, I may say none, ever dared to assume the *Dignity* of an *Author*, in opposition to such an overwhelming tide of humiliating admonitions, to beware of attempting the dangerous eminence. No literary companion ever smoothed my verses. No animating voice ever cheered my solitary ravings, round the base of Parnassus—and shall I then suppress the only semblance of commendation I ever received; and that too from a Bard whose Merit is universally acknowledged? No; the incense of praise is at all times grateful; but doubly so when given in proper season, and rendered by one duly qualified to bestow it.—I shall not, therefore, easily forget, that there was at least One who did not denominate me a *Dunce*—and that one, no less than the ingenious *Bard* of *Renfrewshire*

Allow me to conclude this long note, with

Yea, ye may whisper, smile, an' sneer,
 An' lie in ambush tales to hear,
 Syne publish them, baith far an' near,
 Where'er ye gae;
 If this is faith, some think it queer,
 An' so they may.

Lay by a' spiritual pride;
 Let candour your researches guide;
 Glow'r weel about on every side,
 Wi' patient view;
 Ye'll fin' the difference no me wide
 'Twixt them an' you.

a quotation from one of my own pieces, the
 Egotism of which, precludes it from a place in
 this Edition.

Without some vanity nae Bardie
 Wad be sae confident an' hardie,
 As lea' to ilka critics wordie,
 His reputation;
 For weel kens he, Envy's ne'er tardie
 At defamation.

Then on my pow the blame be laid,
 If thoughtlessly the fool I've play'd,
 I court no countenance, nee aid
 From friend or foe;
 Hiss'd, or applauded, undismay'd
 My verse shall flow.

show the original of the above poem

In every Sect, there's saints o' mettle,
 Wi' Bible knowledge not a little,
 Wha can dispute on doctrines kittle
 Wi' subtle art; ⁺
 An' after a' ne'er care a spittle
 For't in the heart.

I'm fairly puzzled, when I think,
 How people at their ain fauts wink,
 Yet ready, as wi' pen an' ink,
 To scribble down,
 If ane frae Virtue's Standard shrink
 In a' the town.

Tho' ye may seem to lean on grace,
 To help you to a better place,
 Your neibours are a hardie race,
 An' never min'
 To supplicate, in every case,
 For aid Divine.

If faith withouten warks be dead,
 What comes o' your unhallow'd creed?
 I fear ye'll make but hoolie speed
 In doing well,
 If nane amang you fash his head
 To keep himsel'.

Some zealots think, what Jesuits say,
 In vain we labor, preach an' pray,
 While unconverted heathens may
 Our calls deride;
 A minister soun' always hae
 The Law on's side.*

Of this some people seem persuaded,
 For they a Standard rule hae made it,
 To be by civil forces aided,
 An' penal pains,
 When a ny heresy invaded
 Their kirk domains.

Thousands are o' the sàmen min',
 An' wi' them in this *Axiom* join,
 " Had nought-but influence Divine
 The gospel spread,
 It might been in a grave langsyne,
 Wi' nettles clad."

* Miller, in his Ecclesiastical History, says;
 " That the Portuguese Missionaries in the East
 Indies, found by experience, that the Hindoos
 were more easily converted to Christianity,
 when the Preacher of Salvation had a musket
 by his side."

Our crafty, auld Apostle Knox,*
 Foresaw his tincts, orthodox,
 Among the better kind o' folk
 Wad never take,
 Sae taught his followers to be,
 For conscience sake.

Hence, gleaming in terrestrial steel,
 Our Covenanters took the sel';
 Hence we frae their well-meaning zeal
 May truly date,
 Our happy, peacefu' commonweal',
 In church an' state.

John was a man wi' piercing een,
 An' few than John were farder seen,
 Yet had he to forbearance gien
 At times some way,
 Mair sacred wad his memory be
 At this our day.

* M'Crie, in his *Life of Knox*, exhibits the character of this famous Reformer in a more amiable light, than it has hitherto appeared, and satisfactorily refutes the disingenuous account given of him, by Hume, Robertson, &c.

Yet we may hail his reformation
 Source of the mind's emancipation;
 To it our island's elevation
 We wholly owe,
 But it what blood, what devastation
 From zeal might flow?

— For forms nae mair let Christians gurrie,
 Or shore their neighbours' Creeds to worrie,
 Wi' mutual deeds o' kindness currie
 Each other's favor;
 An' henceforth in oblivion bury
 A' misbehaviour.

Tho' this ane, an' the ither *Sect*,
 In different ways their steps direct,
 Should each as damnable reject
 The other's Creed,
 While all essentially respect
 Ae special Head?

Soon may each low distinction end
 So prone a Christian's peace to rend;
 May Reason wi' religion's blend
 Her mellowing flame,
 May Bigotry to *Hell* descend
 From whence it came.

For me, I hae a haffins swither,
 — Howe'er Sectarians girn at ither,
 An' wrangle on their journeyings thither
 'Bout that an' this,
 They'll may be a' shake hands together,
 In future bliss.

While each particular persuasion
 Excel in their ain estimation,
 Still may the cheering expectation
 Support my mind,
 That ' Universal Restoration'
 Awaits mankind.*

* May not one humbly entertain a hope of this kind, without being considered *heterodox* in his opinions? In a matter at least of doubtful disputation, we ought certainly to incline to the charitable side of the question, more especially in one of such unutterable magnitude. It were better that the commonalty of Christians should inform themselves on a subject (their ignorance of which is notorious) before they stigmatized those as heretical and loose in their opinions, who are persuaded of its veracity, on the surest and plainest scriptural testimony. For a defence of this doctrine, see, *Dialogues on the Universal Restoration*, by E. Winchester; an Author, who, for meekness of manner, and candor of disposition, may bear a comparison with the most eminent Polemical Writers, of the present or any former age.

MELANCHOLY—JULY—1809.

No more shall the green woods give pleasure to me,
 Or the flowers on the meadows so gay,
 The lowing of Cattle that graze on the lee,
 And the music of birds from the spray!

What drear melancholy is this that I feel,
 That quenches the fire of my soul,
 Whose breath can the fountains of pleasure congeal,
 And forbids their gay currents to roll?

O! Life, tho' the fervor of youth still be mine,
 Tho' my limbs are replenish'd with health;
 Tho' at fortune's neglect I despise to repine,
 And scorn the low envy of wealth;

Yet would I for all that this vain world has shown
 Resign every pleasure beneath,
 And rather be in the grave, wholly unknown
 Were it not for a doubt—beyond death.

O! Religion, display thy omnipotent power,
 And bid my rude passions be still;
 Be near to them hope in despondency's hour,
 And mould them anew to thy will!

O! thou, who at first taught my soul to despise
 All pleasure as empty and vain,
 With kindly assistance suppress all my sighs,
 My hopes when a-sinking sustain.

And may'st thou, when blest dissolution draws nigh
 My soul thro' Death's dark valley cheer;
 And may I have nothing ado but to die,
 No terrors in future to fear!



A HYMN.

O! Why should we be so alarm'd
 At the approach of death?
 Can there be ought worth while in life
 To linger for beneath?

Tho' dimly here as thro' a glass,
 The joys of heaven I see,
 Death draws the curtain from mine eyes,
 And gives those joys to me.

Then in a purer, sweeter strain,
 My praise shall learn to flow;
 Tho' callous here, my bosom there
 With holy fire shall glow.

O! with what extacy shall I
 Thro' fields immortal stray,
 While breathing fragrance, every flower
 Invites me on my way!

Scenes that must ever charm the sense,
 Will rise before my sight;
 And happy thoughts, that know no end
 Shall glide in order bright.

No torrid beam shall make us seek
 The cool embow'ring shade;
 No polar frost, with hoary brow,
 Our dwellings dare invade.

No more the ruthless rage of war
 Shall wound the peaceful ear;
 No more shall famine's meagre form
 With trembling step appear.

No more amid those blissful days,
 The tale of human woes,
 Shall fill the conscious eye with tears,
 And ruffle our repose!

TO ~~some~~

O! Is to be in love be bliss,
 As many a Poet sings,
 What strange inquietude is this
 That thro' my bosom rings?

My heart with many a bitter throe,
 Pours forth the secret sigh;
 If this is bliss—why am I so?
 Ye leasing bards reply.

If gentle pity in thy breast
 Can find a place to be,
 There let this love-lorn ditty rest,
 And fondly think on me!

O! could my ravish'd soul display
 Thy meanest virgin grace!
 With what delight would I portray
 Thy love-inspiring face!

Fair as the dewy face of morn,
 Soft as the summer gale!
 Sweet as the odour-breathing thorn,
 That blossoms in the vale!

O! may the beauties of thy form,
 Yield only to thy mind!
 And shew since thou hast power to charm
 Thou also canst be kind!

BONNIE LASSIE O.

O! Wiltu marry me,
 Bonnie lassie O!

O! Wiltu marry me,
 Bonnie lassie O!

O! Wiltu marry me,
 Or wiltu let me be,
 Be frank an' tell me free,
 Bonnie lassie O!

I've routh o' lan' an' gear,
 Bonnie, &c.

Some thretty mark a-year,
 An' for want ye needna fear,
 Bonnie, &c.

I hae a house an' yard,
 Bonnie, &c.

Whilk shady saugh trees guard,
 You'll be lady of the laird,
 Bonnie, &c.

Tho' whisky I am laith to rowse,
 A drap does unco weil, at times;
 (An' gin we trow what some *allows*
 'Tis a' the *spirit* o' Scotch Rhymes.)
 But Ah! it is a key to crimes,
 When in excessive potions ta'en;
 What raggy backs, an' hungry wymes,
 Like scarecrows dangle in its train?

In poetry, he has anew
 O' choicest rhyming words, at hand;
 Yet if he sey to speak, how few
 O' any kind, he can command!
 His pen is like a magic wand,
 To gar ideas dance along;
 But a' his wit is at a stand,
 If wanted by his freezing tongue.

Hence tho' in superficial eyes
 He insignificant appear,
 Ingenious men his friendship prize,
 An' like his rhapsodies to hear.
 For ilka frien', he has a tear;
 For ilka fae distrest, a sigh,
 Their weifare to his heart is dear,
 When wanted, ay his help is nigh.

Rab kiss'd her syne an' cry'd,
 Bonnie lassie O!
 Rab kiss'd her syne an' cry'd,
 Bonnie lassie O!
 Sae weil his suit he ply'd,
 Young Jenny saftly sigh'd,
 Next week I'll be your Bride,
 Bonnie laddie O!



SIGNIFICATION OF THE TITLE
"POET."

A POET is a social soul,
 Wha hates to work; yet canna want:
 At immorality he'll scowl,
 But ne'er, or seldom, turns a saunt.
 He takes great pleasure ay to chaunt,
 What Rhymers ca' the "Sounding lyre;"
 Auld ruin'd tumbling towers he'll haunt,
 His melancholy Muse t' inspire.

He's unco quiet, an' never sure;
 Uncertain what to do, or say:
 His face forbidding, an' demure,
 Low'rs like a gloomy wint'ry day.
 But gie him drink, an' he turns gay,
 His tongue delights them a' around;
 Forth shines his soul wi' piercing ray,
 Sublime, capacious, an' profound!

His harp that rang owre muir an' fell,
 Frae a' our minstrels bure the bell!
 Nae mair shall simple sangsters swell
 His notes a-bread,
 For melancholy rhymers tell
 Ferguson's dead!

Nae mair on gloomy themes o' woe,
 His sweet despairing strains, shall flow,
 Nae mair wi' pleasure-yielding glow,
 'The lyre he'll screech;
 Shrill owre his grave the breezes blow!
 Ferguson's dead.

And shall the pipe on high be hung,
 While Robin's fame remains unsung?
 No—in his Dirge join ilka tongue,
 An' hing the head,
 Till echo wail the rocks among!
 Ferguson's dead.

Auld Reekie, thy neglect was base,
 Renown'd in his immortal lays,
 Baith far and wide, he spread thy praise
 Ilk side the Tweed;
 Ae single stane thou didna raise,
 To mark him dead.

Wha could like him in easy style,
 Wi' witching tales the hour beguile?
 His Muse could sing wi' little toil,
 By Nature led;
 His Poesy was smooth as oil,
 Ferguson's dead.

Tho' in a College Cloister rear'd,
 On Nature's wing his fancy peer'd;
 But Death that wylie loyn misleard,
 His spirit freed,
 Ere youth had four-and-twenty clear'd;
 Ferguson's dead.

Auld toothless wives when ye forgether,
 At ither's doorn to cleck an' blether,
 Forget your neighbour's faults to leather,
 An' mourn wi' speed,
 Our Scotian Bard, whom death does tether,
 Ferguson's dead.

Nae mair in Scottish jingle leal,
 He'll rope your auld industry weel,
 While eident at the spinning wheel
 Ye draw a thread;
 Or thrifty darn a stocking heel,
 Ferguson's dead.

Thee, Ferguson! shall Scotia weep,
 While Shepherds on her fells tent sheep!
 While genius shines wi' modest peep
 Thro' poortith's shade,
 Thee shall they in remembrance keep!
 Ferguson's dead.

O! could I touch wi' equal fire,
 An' elegance, the rural lyre,
 How would my glowing soul conspire
 But Critics' feid,
 To raise thy genuine honors higher!
 Ferguson's dead.

Doom'd in the gloom of want to shine,
 His luckless fate forebodeth mine;
 The clients o' the tunefu' Nine,
 A fated breed,
 Like wand'ring e'ning meteors shine,
 An' soon are dead.

Immortal Bard! this feeble, plain,
 Rough, hame-spun dirge, may flow in vain;
 Could I like thee in lofty strain,
 Ideas clead,
 A' Scotia wad resound again,
 Ferguson's dead.

SONNET.

HAIL to my couch slow musing melancholy !
 Tho' still unfading be my youthful bloom,
 To me more genial is thy pious gloom,
 Than all the merry scenes of mirth and folly.
 Peace for a moment, with companions jolly,
 May seem to dwell—for little thought is there ;
 But soon reflection with her train unholy,
 Whelms the poor debauchee in dim despair ;
 For who can stand self-accusation's stare ?
 O ! Heaven, let me thy better blessings share ;
 And may I still with growing ardour prove,
 That peace alone, and pure delight above,
 Can only flourish, unalloy'd with care,
 Where fear is none,—and every scene is love !



GEORDIE'S MARRIAGE.

O ! KEN ye that Geordie and Jean,
 Are cry'd in the Chapel on ither ;
 And that we are a' to convene
 On Friday, to loop them together ?
 The lassie is handsome an' fair,
 Has plenty o' beauty an' braw-things ;
 The Villager Gossips declare,
 To plenish a house, she has a' things.

Tho' Geordie has little laid by,
 To serve the important occasion,
 Nane need to gang hungry, or dry,
 Gif they hae a stout inclination;
 His mither, a pensive auld wife;
 Has vow'd to provide at the table,
 And she can plan things to the life,
 When willing, she's hearty, an' able.

Of hagglets, lang-kail, an' pies;
 And birried sheep-heads, there is plenty;
 Wi' a patfu' o' gaid monie-plies,
 To taste ony mouth that is dainty.
 Then, Fiddler, your fiddle-string stent,
 An' play us up ~~Scotch-
some-
songs~~ ~~some-
songs~~ ~~and~~;
 This e'enin' on dancing I'm bent,
 Gin the Bridegroom's gaid-mother will march me.
 Sae the Fiddler he lilted an' play'd,
 An' the young anes I wat weren a idle;
 While the Auld Bodies tippled, an' pray'd
 For a blessing to follow this Bridal!
 But the Young Folk deserted the fiel',
 An' skulked unseen frae the Weddin';
 Sae some think they'll never do weil,
 As naebody witness'd the Beddin'!

MAGGIE'S BAIRN.

Mr bonny wee bairn, my pretty wee bairn!
 Thy smiles wad saften a bosom o' airn;
 For a' the care I'm now taking o' thee,
 The stay o' mine eild my bairn will be.

O! Meg, o' sic flattering prospects beware,
 How seldom for parents their children care,
 Yea, rather how aft we the contrary see,
 Sae just like her neighbours your bairn may be.

The future, from what has been, may be gues't,
 She's come o' flesh an' blood o' the best;
 O' folk renowned for honestie,
 An' like her forebears my bairn shall be.

Fine arguments these for a mother to use,
 Displaying a mind of contracted views;
 I hae as guid reason to tell ye free,
 A thief, and a limmer, your bairn may be.

Nae guid education my bairnie shall lack,
 To teach ber, with prudence, discreetly to act;
 Genteelly accomplish'd in every degree,
 To her parents an honor my bairn shall be.

Syne when ye your strength and your substance hae war'd,
 To rigg her for being the dame o' a laird,
 Some runnagate laddie, may ravish her cie,
 So ruin'd your hopes, an' your bairn may be.



STANZA,
 ADDED TO THE SONG, "BRAES O' BAL-
 QHITHER."

Now the Sun in the west
 Is increasin' our shadows;
 An' the cattle a' to rest
 Gather roun' in the meadows;
 Sae when life is at a close,
 We'll grow fonder o' ither,
 Till at length we repose
 On the braes o' Balqhither!



ILL LUCK—Dec. 18th 1809.

Some wayward Planet o' the north
 Presided surely at my birth,
 And sent me wi' a vengeance forth,
 By fortune skelpit,
 For foul a plack I'll e'er be worth
 If it can help it.

But nane free hardships are exempt;
 Sae night and day with mine I'll keep,
 And tho' hard luck my Coggie-scrip
 An' forc'd a tear,
 I'll honest be, tho' the attempt
 Soud cost me dear.

Syne when at last I've done my part,
 Wi' every nerve I soud exert,
 Sma' reason will I hae to start
 Wi' coward fright,
 When death awakes my weary heart
 Some happy night!

O! Death, thou terror o' the Great
 Amid their bauldest show o' state,
 In wealth, and pride o' heart, elate,
 They shun thee by;
 Till forc'd at length from each retreat,
 They sink they die!

But to poor wretches sic as me,
 Wi' scarce a single wish to be,
 Wha view with calm unanxious eie,
 Th' appointed place,
 Thou comes--wi' joy we welcome thee
 And thy embrace!

Nae langer then weil toil, and slave,
 Frae wreck our ruin'd hopes to save;
 Tost on misfortune's boisterous wave,
 And fate's lee-shore,
 Safe harbor'd in the peacefu' grave,
 We strive no more!

Come, Hope! thou never-failing friend!
 Thy intervening succour lend,
 Inspir'd by which may we contend
 'Gainst every ill,
 And with renewed pith ascend
 Life's craggy hill.

◆

LINES

ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LABORS
 OF MR CAREY, AND HIS BRETHREN,
 THE BAPTIST MISSIONARIES IN THE
 EAST INDIES.

BENEFACTORS of mankind!
 Tutors of the savage mind!
 Hail, ye holy select band,
 Pilgrims in a stranger land!
 Far from home, and hindred far,
 May the bright and Morning Star,
 With a pure and cheering ray,
 Still illumine your lonely way,

Till your influence extend,
To Hindoostan's furthest end!

Now the era long foretold,
By prophetic bards of old,
With a radiance of light,
Gathes on th' ~~Arabian's~~ ^{Arabian's} sight!
Times of superstition past
Glide into oblivion fast;
Temples ~~barling~~ ^{barling} to the ground—
Temples o'er the earth renown'd,
Where for centuries unknown,
Deities of Wood and Stone;
From a Priest-beridg'den crew
Trembling adoration drew.

Who but with delighted eyes,
While each shade of error flies,
Sees the Sun of Righteousness
Come, the Eastern world to bless;
While in rich effusion springs
Health and vigor from his wings!
Till Mahometan and Jew
Render love—where love is due—
Till each cruel Pagan rite,
From their Creeds exploded quite,
Leave the long-neglected race,
Sharers of immortal grace,—
Never may your labors fail,
Till the earth Messiah hail,

And the Universe around
Catch the joy-diffusing sound!



A SONG.

LOVE NOT THE EFFECT OF BEAUTY.

WHENE'er I meet a sonsie queen,
Wi' rosie cheeks, an' witchin' een,
Gawn lightly owre the dewie green,

Wi' fond delight I view 'er.

While present, the' she fill my mind
Wi' pleasure, hauf to love inclin'd,
Nae dear idea left behind,

When absent draws me to 'er.

Yet Nannie mistress o' my heart,
Less lovely, an' as free frae art,
Tho' distant can her charms exert,

Methinks I ever see 'er.

But if I dare to snatch a kiss,
(The pinnacle o' earthly bliss!)
Nae language can be found for this,

I'm no' mysel' when wi' 'er!

A SONG.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER INTEREST.

DEAREST Henie! sweetest Henie!
 Grown sae high I scarcely ken 'ee,
 Let my sighs thy pity move;
 Tho' thy legacy draw to thee
 Fortune-hunting fops, to woo thee,
 Can their glitter shake thy love?

Ever sin' I left thee, Jamie,
 Little happiness it gae me,
 Merchants only woo for coin,
 Never shall they sweep my Coffer,
 Hence each interested offer,
 I, wi' a' I hae, am thine!



SAUNDERS AND JOHN.

WHEN *Aiten-stooks* begin to disappear;
 An' Farmers gather in their pickle *bea*.
 When Winter takes possession o' the plain,
 — Wi' a' his *gustie*, sleetie storms again.
 When Clachan neibours frae the loan retire,
 An' heat their shins, in circles roon' the fire;

Ae gloamin', twa auld trustie, tried frien's,
 Wha had been grit ~~thegither~~ sin' their ~~toons~~,
 Began a conversation, stiff an' lang,
 How ilka thing was tax'd—an' a' was wrang;
 John coudna thole to be sae sair oppress,
 While Saunders ay thought a' things for the best.

SAUNDERS.

Guid e'enin John, I'm blythe to see you there,
 This night is sharp; draw in that muckle chair;
 Tho' coals, like ither things, get daily high'r,
 I always wish to see a hearty fire.

JOHN.

An' sae do I, but really now-a-days,
 Folk are sae bristen, wi' their meat an' claise,
 A Tradesman's finances will scarcely thole,
 To make a purchase o' a cart o' coal,
 But tippence-worths his little grate supplies,
 An' double price he every ~~nipperren~~ buys;
 For our Coal-mongers, Sandie, never fail
 At cent per cent, their fuel to retail;
 Nae wonder they on siccan profits thrive,
 Whilet we half starvin' for existence atrie,
 If e'er 'twill be, I'm sure it is near hand
 The total ruin o' our native land.

SAUNDERS.

Wha ever thought we siccan times sould see!
 Wha ever thought we siccan wanty coud dree!
 Tho' some think Providence is too severe,
 Yet in our misery mercy will appear;

How imperscrutable was our decay !
 By regular steps we ascended down the brae.
 If from the summit o' guid times we had
 Been plung'd into the deepest gulph o' bad,
 A shock so unpremeditated, rude,
 The meekest suff'rer never hail withstood.
 Yet now, tho' we beneath afflictions pine,
 How slow, an' gradual, has been our decline ?
 By usage to the hardest toils inur'd,
 The evil, in its progress, has been cur'd.
 Hence in the lap of stern misfortune nurst,
 We calmly bear, what broke our hearts at first.
 I aften thought, an' hae as aften said,
 Howe'er despisers may the truth upbraid,
 There is a Being o' a' power possent,
 Who overrules even ruin for the best.

JOHN.

Our Country certainly is on the road
 To ruin straight, below a fearful load;
 A load ! to tell in pebbles the amount,
 Wad take a life, a lang, lang life to count !
 Enormous Sum ! a debt so vast an' large,
 The gold o' Ophir wadna hauf discharge !
 We'll ne'er be happy till they make a law
 To burn the Books, the Creditors an' a',
 The G———t owreturn or new-model,
 Then things will hae some chance o' doing well.

SAUNDERS.

Some still against the Gov——t will storm
 An' raise a hue an' cry, about reform;

I.

Yet tho' the Ministry were new arrang'd,
 Ere lang we wad be daft to hae them chang'd.
 While ilka traitor undersells his brither,
 Ae Nobleman is just as guid's anither;
 While Gentles rowe in luxury, an' crimes,
 We'll ne'er see better, ne'er see happier times.

JOHN.

I ferly, Saunders, ye are sae resign'd,
 I aften envy you your peace o' mind;
 Wi' the mild virtue o' a Christian Sage,
 Ye can owrelook the mis'ries o' the age;
 But I'm sae fash'd when on my woes I think,
 My little stock o' patience is extinct.
 There just last season, mony a precious night
 I lost my wark, for lack o' oil to light.
 So when some callans met on Doley's brae
 To sport themsels, upon a Winter day—
 A ba' they fashion frae some snawie wreath,
 Which frae the summit seeks the glen beneath,
 Redoubled swiftness in the course it gains;
 In size increasing till it reach the plains,
 Where furious, wild, against some rock it flies,
 An' strew'd around the "hoary carnage" lies!
 Thus indigence a snaw-ba' may compare,
 The farther on it rowes, it gathers mair;
 Till at the bottom o' destruction's brae,
 Our ruin'd credit gi'es for ever way.
 Hence wi' my state I am sae discontent,
 I wish reform in Court, an' Parliament;

And hence I growl, to be in misery plac'd,
While kings an' lords hae mair than they can waste.

SAUNDERS.

John, you an' I, for a' the time we hae
On earth to toil, may ony Court obey.
Howe'er the factions o' the great contend,
Howe'er on war the public money spend,
Howe'er the National grievances increase,
O! may the remnant o' my days see peace!
Kings may be villains—may be not—for me,
I'll ay be subject to the powers which be.
Tho' in this life our portion may be hard,
If we are Pilgrims, hasting Zion-ward,
One truth is sure, however understood,
All things shall work together for our good.

JOHNNIE.

Perhaps my ignorance o' certain things,
Makes me incapable to speak o' kings;
Yet there are facts I humbly think I ken,
An' see, an' hear, an' feel like ither men.
Wha ist that gars us triple value pay,
For ilka article o' life we hae?
Wha ist that dresses me and mine in rags,
Ca's me a swine, an' owre my ruin brags?
Can I not name the sacrilegious set,
Has plung'd this Nation, an' us a' in debt?
If I'm not able a' I ask to clear,
Without pretensions to be thought a Seer,
As weil's a Dominie, or Parish priest,
I am an idiot, yea, a vera beast

SAUNDERS.

Our kings are mortal, John, like you an' I,
 Like us they born are, an' like us they die.
 An' if the Scriptures we for sterling take,
 Kings for their actions an account maun make.
 Then certes, if our kings our equals be,
 How can they live frae human frailties free?
 Yet are thy all by Providence appointed,
 Their noblest title is ' the Lord's Anointed;
 Hence he who wills them frae dominion driven,
 In open arms, I fear, opposes Heaven.

JOHNNIE.

If kings like men are judged by their deeds,
 Frae Satan rather Royalty proceeds;
 At least their trafficking in human blood,
 Proves they are sprung o' some infernal brood.

SAUNDERS.

Johnnie, beware, an' think before ye speak,
 Your voice too strong is, for an arm so weak;
 Besides, plain Reason tells us it is wrong,
 Against thy Ruler, to indulge thy tongue.
 Were we acquaint wi' a' the ous, an' ine,
 O' ilka squabble, ere a war begins,
 I am persuaded we wad come to see,
 Kings were oblig'd, at times to disagree:
 To save religious liberty, an' civil,
 War ay has been a necessary evil.
 An' even tho' government upon our backs,
 Unmercifully heap up tax on tax,

We've unco little reason to complain,
 Compar'd wi' France; an' Germany, an' Spain;
 Where ilka hope, an' a' in life maist dear,
 By war is mangled; every ither year!
 Ill we may be, but trifling are our cares,
 An' light our grievances, when weigh'd wi' theirs;
 Then let us learn submission to our fate,
 An' thankfu' be, our mercies are sae great.

JOHNNIE.

Tho' in a moral an' religious view,
 I ne'er coud reason or dispute like you,
 Yet I coud mention mony a sage Divine,
 Whose thoughts on politics, agree wi' mine,
 Who coud on Scriptural precedents defend,
 The people's right, their shatter'd rights to mend;
 But for the time I only shall produce,
 The dread o' tyranny, "A Hind let loose;"
 A Piece which winna want its share o' fame,
 While *Covenanters* brag o' *Sheilds's* name.

SAUNDERS.

When such as *Sheilds* the holy Text expound,
 Nae marvel error generally abound.
 Alas! how ill his rendering accords,
 With that mild lowly spirit o' our Lord's;
 Who when his countrymen, th' admiring Jews,
 Impell'd by earthly an' ambitious views,
 Without a wish, or effort o' his own,
 Desir'd to place him on his father's throne,
 Rejected all their hopes, their ardor spurn'd,
 While with diviner zeal his bosom burn'd;

Even then, as when at Pilate's barr he stood,
 Not for his crimes but our perennial good,
 His heavenly mission shone to all unfurl'd,
 An' prov'd his "kingdom was not of this world!"

Then let us, John, his conduct imitate,
 Nor rail at Kings, or Ministers o' state
 What if the Saviour of the world disdain'd,
 To wear a Crown soe popularly gain'd!
 If our Redeemer cheerfully fulfill'd,
 In civil matters, what his country will'd;
 An' warmly all his followers enjoin'd
 To live in love, an' peace, with human-kind;
 An' bade his Saints implore in every pray'r,
 The safety o' the land, in which they were;
 Shall we for whom his precious blood was shed,
 Exult to see confusion rear its head?
 How peaceable we rather ought to be,
 How much more so, when still our minds are free?
 To earthly souls may earthly things be given,
 O! may my heart be with my lot in heaven!
 Religion! source of every hope sublime,
 Come, elevate us owre the things o' time,
 Support an' cheer us thro' the mortal strife,
 And kindly wait us to a better life.

EPISTLE

FROM THE CELESTIAL REGIONS,

*By a Minister, lately deceased, to his Relations in Scotland.**(In the manner of Mrs Rowe.)*

From pure ambrosial fragrant bow'rs,
 Pavemented with immortal flowers,
 Where Saints and high Angelic powers
 Delighted stray;
 Or traverse in ethereal tours
 The Milkie-way:

To you your late dear Offspring sends,
 Still mindful of his former friends;
 Tho' Death the near relation ends
 Of son and sire,
Friendship beyond the grave extends
 With purer fire!

No language in the bounds of time,
 Is so expressive, or sublime,
 To celebrate in prose, or rhyme,
 With justice due,
 The bliss of this delightfu' clime,
 Bliss ever new!

'Thou nobly didst my cause sustain,
In front of folly, sin, and pain;
Thy pray'rs of faith were not in vain,

I heard thy voice;
With me for ever thou shalt reign,
And still rejoice.

'When death, and sin, and all its core,
Are sunk in hell's oblivious roar,
Thou on eternity shalt soar,

Thro' fields of light;
And still find matter to adore
Infinite might !'

He ceas'd; and thro' my kindling frame
He breath'd a never-dying flame;
I join'd the rapturous acclaim

Of glory given,
To him who holds the second Name,
And First in heaven.

Unceasing praise, dear Lamb! be thine;
All power and Majesty divine;
In thee let each perfection shine

Of the God-head,
Who equal to the grand design
Wrought our remead.

O! love ineffable! pure! vast!

New after eighteen ages past!

Nor shall eternity exhaust

The glorious theme;

Which as the throne of Heaven shall last

O'er song supreme.

Hark! how th' etherial mansions ring,

Whilst glorified Immortals sing,

Hosannahs to their matchless King,

In anthems sweet,

Or wrapt in love, their Cor'nets fling

Prone at his feet.

The Lamb is worthy who was slain,

All praise, all honor, to obtain;

Ye ransom'd saints confess his reign,

With bended knee,

Be this the chorus of each strain,

"He dy'd for me!"

O! love, infinite as the deed,

For rebel Adam's ruin'd seed,

See on the Cross Emmanuel bleed,

Tremendous sight!

Who can explore its length, and bread',

Its depth, and height!

My Parents! Brethren! rise and flee,
 Seek shelter from the wrath to be,
 Suspended on the accursed tree,
 The Saviour view,
 His blood is a resistless plea,
 For such as you.

This is the hour; Salvation may
 Be tender'd you no future day;
 Behold the everlasting way,
 Prepar'd by God,
 Thro' faith His gracious calls obey,
 And take the road.

If it were possible our joy
 One sorrowing moment could annoy,
 Our thoughts of you, might it destroy
 And chequer here,
 But happiness without alloy
 Can thole nae fear.

Unblighted verdure clothes the vales,
 Praise warbles o'er the hills and dales;
 Nae youngster breathing am'rous tales,
 In shady bow'r,
 Attaints the odoriferous gales,
 With sighs impure.

How poor are they who put their trust
 In sordid bags of yellow dust,
 Compar'd with the afflicted just,
 Whose treasures lie,
 Far frae the tooth of moth or rust,
 Beyond the sky!

O! listen, to the joyful sound,
 And seek while mercy may be found;
 May He, the King of Glory crown'd,
 Your prayers hear,
 Pour water on the thirsty ground,
 And make it bear,

O! taste and see that He is good,
 His body is the Christian's food;
 Their drink his sinner-cleansing blood,
 Pure from his heart,
 Which follow'd in a crimson flood
 The Roman dart.

Connexions! once on earth held dear,
 Still thought on with affection here,
 The lasting joys in mem'ry bear,
 Laid up in store,
 For all who full of holy fear
 The Lamb adore.

Ah! what is life, a day, an hour?
 A fickle, blooming, fading flower;
 For ever in the canker's power,
 To nip, destroy;
 A brief compound of sweet and sour,
 Of grief and joy.

And who can truly picture death
 But they who've trod its dreary path?
 A viewless, gloomy, dismal strait,
 Wild, unexplor'd;
 Even by the veriest wretch beneath
 Shunn'd, and abhorr'd.

My parents! lay these things to heart,
 And chuse in time the '*Better Part*,'
 The one thing needful, be alert
 Thro' faith to win;
 This, this alone, can wrath avert,
 And save from sin.

When death your last yet stingless foe
 Ends all your sighing, toil, and woe,
 If I permitted am to go,
 I'll hover nigh,
 And guide you from disease below
 To bliss on high.
 M

Heaven grant, my Parents, that you may
 These counsels mind, in this your day,
 Ere the Messiah shape his way
 Thro' Sion' gates,
 His fiery vengeance to display
 On reprobates !

When he his mighty voice shall rear,
 So loud that all the dead shall hear,
 And by his own *Existence* swear,
 That Time is gone,
 How shall th' ungodly race appear,
 Before his throne ?



EPITAPH ON A. F——

IMAGE of him who suffer'd here below !
 Mild yet serene ; and active without show.
 No pencil can thy mental features paint ;
 In every word and action, glow'd the saint :
 Be all thy worth to this short verse confin'd,
 " *Here lies a man according to God's mind.*"

SANDIE, JAMIE AN' MIRREN.

Now cauld December held its monthly sway;
 Lang was the dreary night, an' brief the sullen day;
 The murkie Sun scarce waded thro' the mist
 Till he was doukin, ere the traveller wist;
 The oory birds sat on the naked tree;
 Nae mair the kye ran startlin' owre the lea,
 Nae mair the gowdspink an' the mavis sang,
 Nae mair the woods wi' rural music rang;
 In ilka glen the Cotter's voice was mute,
 On ilka hill the Shepherd's mournfu' flute,
 Unpitying tempests howl owre a' the plains,
 An' Winter, like a stern usurper, reigns.
 In sic a season, when the frost was strang,
 An' shiv'ring boddies owre the ingle hang,
 Upon a Sabbath night conven'd some douce
 An' throuter neibours, in a cronie's house;
 Some fun they had, an' muckle clishmaclaver,
 'Bout this an' that ane's guid an' ill behavior,
 Whilk ended syne, in a fierce disputation,
 "If Baptism were essential to Salvation."
 Perhaps it may some entertainment gie,
 To lairds an' ladies o' the first degree,
 To hear the arguments which sacred bind
 To duty's stake, the ruder Christian mind.

SANDIE.

'Twoud be as wise like, gin ye thought it a',
 To drap this clashing, idle, senseless jaw,

An' chuse some serious subject to discuss,
 Fraught wi' instruction suitable to us.
 I ken as little feck as ony here,
 Anent the doctrines o' a Christian's fear;
 But what I hae I shall deliver free,
 A fire-side lecture is the best for me.
 We winna for grammatic beauties toil,
 Or deck our notions in a foreign style;
 Nor even presume a knotty Text to redd,
 As weil as ministers, to preaching bred:
 Yet our remarks may come as near the sense,
 As a' their flourishing fine eloquence.
 Frae thro' the bosom o' the foulest weed
 Which grows luxuriant, in the boggie mead,
 The eident bee wi' subtle probe ransacks,
 An' frae its poison sweetest juice extracks.
 The fairest flower that beautifies the field,
 May little o' this precious balsam yield;
 Which shews, if fancy our opinions sway,
 In error's path we'll ay be apt to stray.
 Hence, tho' dark ignorance our minds obscure,
 Truth in our dialogues, may lurk mair pure,
 Than in the finest plagiarian speech,
 A Minister can write, an' re-re-preach.

JAMIE.

Tho' I the kirk ilk Sabbath-day attend,
 An' mony an hour in reading Sermons spend;
 Anent Religion, still I maun confess,
 There's no ae thing I am inform'd on less;

Yet if ye wish some kittle point to scan,
 To help you on, I'll do the best I can.
 An' may that Being who Creation rules,
 In whose esteem Philosophers are fools,
 Whofrae the wise, an' great, those things conceals,
 He to the meanest graciously reveals,
 Guide our researches wi' celestial light,
 An' gie us language, an' ideas right !

SANDIE.

Then for a Subject we may this propone,
 Can Baptism be sufficient to atone,
 An' save a sinner frae eternal skaith,
 Tho' unaccompanied wi' works, or faith,
 Without believing that the Saviour died,
 An' a' the claims o' justice satisfied;
 Without those deeds which mark a heav'nly mind,
 Which only we in real professors find ?

I ken fu' weil, it has been aften said,
 I little reverence for Religion paid;
 Some thought it heath'nish, fearfu' like, an' wild,
 O' me to keep frae kirstening my child;
 While ithers said, my conduct aprang frae pride,
 To raise a clatter thro' the kintry side.

MIRREN.

I've heard o't sometimes, an' I'm free to say,
 I thought it strange mysel this mony a-day;
 Let's hear your reasons for't whate'er they be,
 For, Sandie, some fock think you've nane to gie;

Out wi' them quick—some fifty years since,
 Amaist as lang as I can rightly min',
 Tam Sutherwood—(your father kent him weel,
 He was a farthy harum-scarum cheil)—
 Procur'd a wife, an' then some twa-three weans,
 An' to this bless'd day, neer was at the pains
 To get them kirk'd—'twas a crying shame;
 They liv'd, an' dy'd, without a Christian name.
 I mind it brawly, else I couldna tell,
 How sock ca'd them awashen lumps o' Hell.

SANDIE.

'Tis very like, for conscientious ways
 Were as uncommon then, as now-a-days.

MIRREN.

Folk durstna then their wicked deeds avow,
 An' live in peace, as they're permitted now.

JAMIE.

Let us, I pray you, a' the reasons hear,
 That gart you frae this common rule keep clear.

SANDIE.

Few are the reasons, which determin'd me,
 In this respect so singular to be—
 First, when I looked roun' on every side,
 An simply took the Bible for my guide,
 I was compell'd, wi' wonder to exclaim;
 A' are not Christians, who assume the name;
 An' 'tis a fact, the greater part behave
 As Baptem were Omnipotent to save.
 What I've to answer in the second place,
 Will a' my notions on this head embrace;

I ne'er thought ane in an ungracious state,
 That is, to a' appearance, reprobate,
 Wad ony saving benefits obtain,
 By its observance, to himself, or wean;
 Still I oppose the zealot, who pretends
 My bairn's weil-being on this rite depends;
 Or that its health would better be, or worse,
 Thro' my departure frae the Common-Course.
 I loe my child, I wish its future weil,
 An' as sincerely its afflictions feel,
 As the maist punctual o' the formal race,
 Wi' naething holy roan' them,—but the face.
 By what they do, we ken what they believe,
 They just themselves an' no' the warl' deceive;
 For why? their works to a' beholders prove,
 They nor the Bible, nor its doctrine, love.

MIRREN.

Ben. Graceless there, as comical a fellow,
 As in a Clachan town ye'll maist hear tell o',
 Ilk ither week, he takes an' a' night ramble;
 An' as they tell me, baith can where an' gamble;
 Even in a Change-house, little does he think
 Upon a Sabbath-day, to fight, an' drink;
 An' yet for a' his boozing, an' stramashes,
 He minds religion—strives to keep down clashes—
 There's no a Christian roan' takes better pains
 To gang in guid time, an' baptise his weans;
 "Tho' I'm a blackguard neer-do-weil," says he,
 "My infant bairnies, frae my faults are free;

An' tho' I should mysel, incur damnation,
I'll do my utmost, for my child's salvation."

JAMIE.

Gray superstition a' the land hoodwinks,
An' every Christian like his grannie thinks;
Or if he offer to direct himsel,
He's ca'd an Atheist—an' consign'd to hell;
He is a Christian—yet he never speirs
Ae single reason, why this name he wears;
He's just the same thing o' his sapient mither,
An' that's eneugh to silence ilka swither.
Yet, if a neighbour dare to gang astray,
(By conscience guided) frae the 'Guid auld way,'
To search the Scriptures, an' wi' meekness know,
If thae traditions are, or are not so,
He'll be the first to gie his fame a chase,
An' swear his spurnin' at the means o' grace;
Because forsooth! he is inclin'd to question
The evidence this ordinance may rest on.

SANDIE.

Lang hae I thought our Clergie had a han'
In spreading superstition owre the lan';
At least 'tis plain, they never fully mean
To tak' the mist frae aff their hearer's een.

JAMIE.

Tho' I'm nae critic in religious things,
It seems to me as we were led by strings;
The Priest he guides us—onward right or wrang,
Thro' truth an' error, carelessly we gang;

Wi' ha— they goad us—coax us on wi' ha—
 For conscience sake, wi' let oursel be driven;
 He draws his stipend—lives baith snug an' bein,
 An' where we lair at last, ne'er cares a preen.

SANDIE.

Tho' I believe some may hae private views,
 I dinna like the guileless to accuse;
 For some there are, wha wi' the purest flame,
 Wad fain the vicious frae their ways reclaim.
 But why on Priests sae bitterly reflect?
 We wi' the Bible can their aims detect;
 An' while we hae thae Doc'ments in our hand,
 We to oursel's maun either fall, or stand.
 Yet still a doubt my neutral bosom sways,
 An' Reason sifts, what Revelation says.

JAMIE.

Almighty power maun renovate the will,
 Else we may grope, an' be in error still:
 This question soud a' idle reas'ning end,
 Can finite e'er Infinite comprehend?

SANDIE.

In a' my wand'rings only this I find,
 A Christian ought to bear a humble mind,
 What Heaven enjoins a' Nations to believe,
 Wi' joyfu' heart implicitly receive.

JAMIE.

Then let us, Sandie, Scepticism forego,
 Trow what is hid, an' practise what we know;
 Presumptuous is it, for a worm like man,
 His dread Creator's deep designs to scan;

How blest the humble are, O! who may paint
 The secret pleasures o' a genuine saint!
 Let us like him each rebel thought resign,
 An' trace a' pleasure to its source Divine.

SANDIE.

Yet still I waver, tho I brawly ken
 A Christian is the happiest o' men;
 Wi' modest hope he passes on, elate,
 Thro' a' the various trials o' this state;
 Whate'er he needs wi' humble faith he asks,
 Nor counts his duties as Egyptian tasks;
 Whate'er to man, whate'er to Heaven, he owes,
 Frae purest love spontaneously flows;
 Lang hae I wish'd sic comfort to attain,
 Yet a' my wishes, a' my sighs are vain!

MIRREN.

Do what ye can, let Heaven mak' up the lave,
 What's out your power I'm sure it winna crave.

SANDIE.

Sae *Boston* tells us, in his *Four-fold State*,
 An' he was famous in a learn'd debate—
 Fine comfort this! in making peace wi' G—
 'Tis but discreet to meet his S— half-road—
 An' syne he tells us, whom *He* wills *He'll* save,
 An' lets the rest impiety deprave.
 O! wad some casuist this doctrine clear,
 An' make the whole (wi' reverence) just appear,
 Peace yet might beam athwart my dark'ning mind,
 An' a' my doubts some explication find!

JAMIE.

Tho' dark his doings are, we surely must
Own, that the Judge o' a' the earth is just?

MIRREN.

An' sith ye canna Providence unriddle,
Do ye intend wi' naething guid to meddle?
Is a' the warl' in the wrang but you?
Is that a phantom a' as real pursue?
Some gie themsels an unco share o' wark,
To gain new light, yet ay are in the dark.

SANDIE.

Till time, an' study, a' my doubts explode,
I am content to be despis'd as odd;
Let haverel wives my character defame,
An' at my want o' principle exclaim;
Till in a better rout their conduct steer,
Gin they are sav'd,—I hae nae cause to fear.

MIRREN.

Were my guidman o' principle as void,
I wadna wi' him hauf a-year abide;
Ere lang, the callans playing on the street,
May gar your bairnies wi' vexation greet,
By casting up whene'er they disagree,
The want o' what your duty ought to gie;
Hence, your neglect to fin' the things a name
May be the cause o' meikle din, an' shame;
Forbye the fixing on your race a stain,
That may be min't when ye are dead an' gane;
Take my advice—conform like ither folk;
Devoutly walk—Religion dinna mock—

Live like your neighbours—wi' the mob ay gang,
It canna be sae mony fock are wrang.

SANDIE.

I'll take my pleasure in my ain affairs,
An' let my neighbours do the same in theirs;
For I hae learnt (an' time shall prove how well)
In every thing, to satisfy mysel—
Sae let them clatter, till their spleen is spent,
He's but a coof wad siccan tales resent;
I am resolv'd to walk, as reason squares,
An' lea' sic critics, to their lies—an' pray'rs.

MIRREN.

That's ay the way wi' self-conceited fools,
They spurn advisement,—an' can thole nae rules;
Do as ye please—make *Brownies* o' your weans,
Wha counsels you, gets little for their pains.

SANDIE.

That as I will—whatever auld-wives say,
Their curse, or blessing, winna sae dismay—
I hae a conscience, an' its checks, I fear,—
Ye, like the lave are anxious to appear—
I, bigotry in ony shape despise,
In lip-devotion your religion lies—
Ye, rather than frae common forms dissent,
Wad turn Mahometan, an' live content,
Provided a' your neighbours did the same,
An' little wad ye niffer, but the name;
For as to morals, principles, an' grace,
Nae change in thae wad fash you taking place.

MIRREN.

Wha can be calm sic blasphemy to hear,
 The vera sound o't gars me shake wi' fear;
 Weil wad I like to see you change your mind,
 But sin' ye scorn a' exhortation kind,
 Some thing will chance you in a fearfu' way,
 An' that ere lang, wha lives to see the day.

SANDIE.

Vain are your counsels, your predictions vain,
 The fancies o' a superstitious brain—

MIRREN.

Stop, stop ye Infidel, I'll hear nae mair,
 The voice o' ages bids me this declare;
 If any unbaptised person die,
 Man, wife, or wean, they to perdition hie;
 An' as a token nought but baptism saves,
 Mang regular Christians never hae their graves;
 Frae this began a custom, still in force,
 Of yirding an unchristen'd bairnie's corse,
 Beside the Kirk-yard dyke, or near the Kirk,
 By stealth, an' unattended in the mirk;
 But tak' your mind o't, send them to damnation,
 Frae this time forth, 'twill gie me nae vexation;
 In warning you, 'I hae discharg'd my duty,
 Nor shall again torment my mind about ye.

SANDIE.

Speak cautiously, an' keep your temper, Mirren,
 An' dinna set your passions sae a stirrin'.

MIRREN.

Your wife is ignorant—an' therefore blind;
 Religious scruples never fash her mind;
 But were I married, an' had I a wean,
 Begotten by a father sae profane,
 A wretch! who slights each holy rite becoming,
 Hang me! tho' I am but a poor frail woman,
 This were my vow, without a single swither,
 I ne'er again by him should be a mither.

SANDIE.

Be thankfu', then, your loneliness exempted,
 You from e'er being by a husband tempted.

MIRREN.

Mean as ye are, ye sacrilegious scoffer!
 I've baith had lairds, an' lairds' sons in my offer;
 Men wha for piety, an' guid, an' gear,
 Might in the best o' companies appear:
 Yet reasons o' my ain, ye'll never ken,
 Made me refuse a' overtures frae men,
 An' tho' I might hae liv'd, a bein, braw wife,
 I rather wish'd to lead a single life;
 An' this I'll say, I never yet thought shame,
 In public to avow my Christian name;
 A name! conferr'd in sic a saving way,
 As thee, an' thine, shall doubtless feel some day.

Wi' this affray, the conversation endit;
 An' Sandie saw 'twas needless to contend it;
 The neibours roun', took auntie Mirren's side,
 An' wad nae langer sober reas'ning bide;

Like her, to Scriptural persuasion, deaf,
 Auld was an' wunt, was their avow'd belief;
 Convinc'd whate'er their *Daddies* did was right,
 An' deeming as accur'd a' *Modern Light*.*



A COMMON RULE INVERTED.

Quo' Tibbie, to her neibour Jean,
 In some unhappy plea,
 "Ye ought to follow my advice,
 As you are *less* than me."

"Na, na," says Jean, "for it is plain,
 If *bulk* be made a rule,
 Ye surely never can deny,
 That you're the *greatest* fool."

* Let not any imagine, that my design in the foregoing Poem, is to sneer at the Sacred ordinance, the indiscriminate practice of which, it censures—Far be from me such an impious thought—All I aim at is, to prove that they are not all Christians who profess to be so; neither all Infidels who appear so—and that it is the duty of all believing Christianity, to make the frontiers of the kingdoms of LIGHT and DARKNESS more apparent than they are at present.

EPITAPH

ON A WICKED OLD WRETCH.

Here Jamie's earthly part does lodge;
 A sinner—vile as could be;
 Yet—if we may presume to judge,
 his soul is where it shou'd be.

*TO MY MOTHER,*

ON MY BROTHER A'S DEATH.

My Mother! why thy loss deplore,
 Like one who entertains no hope?
 Resign'd the will of Heaven adore,
 And bid the rebel torrent stop.

The fond, misguided tear restrain,
 Nor envy him eternal bliss;
 O! could you wish him back again,
 To languish in a world like this?

How little cause have we to weep,
 Yea, rather what a theme for joy;
 We also shall in due time reap,
 If we like him our Spring employ.

Soon shall our short, uncertain day,
 Our transient sorrows, hover bye;
 And soon in kindred dust we may
 With dear-lov'd sons, and brothers lie.

Could human vision wing its flight,
 Beyond mortality's dull sphere,
 What glories would owrewhelm the sight!
 What music warble on the ear!

May we, the undisputed heirs
 Of such unutterable scenes,
 To earthly min's, lea' earthly cares,
 An' follow our exalted frien's.



A GRACE.

O THOU! in whom I move, and live;
 And whose are all my ways!
 For what thou art about to give,
 Accept my grateful praise.

Unruly appetites, restrain,
 And in due bounds, controul!
 And break the demoniac chain
 That binds my struggling soul!

Great Source of Being! Whereoe'er
 My portion is assign'd,
 May I thy Providence revere,
 With unpretending mind?

Implicitly may I believe,
 To every real request,
 Thine answer, whether I perceive,
 Shall always be the best.

If in mine ear the Tempter say,
 Thy Maker hears thee not,
 How foolish to adore, or pray,
 Since thou art all forgot.

May this my ready answer be,
 When these hard thoughts I think,
 "Sure these are proofs, Heaven cares for me,
 I still have meat and drink!"

EPITAPHS.

ON A MISER.

HERE lies a Miser, slain by Death,
 For a' the wealth he had;
 He struggled long, for he was laith
 To make his kinsfolk glad.

ON J. M.

If Johnnie's future fate we guess,
By's practices external,
We vera safely may conclude,
His residence infernal!

ON A BRITHER POETSTER.

HERE ligs a Rhymer, stoop an' roop;
Swith! Beelzebub an' take 'im,
Yearly to sing, on thy birth-day,
Thy Poet-Laureat make 'im.

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT WEIL-DOING BODIE.

HERE Tammie moulders four feet deep,
As snug as in a tod-hole;
Death surety waana vera thrang
When he fell'd sit a clodpole.

ON THREE CHILDREN, IN THE EASTWOOD
CHURCH-YARD—1814.

HERE lie the mouldering remains
O' three ankirent, guileless weans;

Wha never underwent that rite
 Makes sinners mystically white;
 Will ony zealot e'er presume,
 These early dwellers in the tomb,
 Wad nae admission gain in Heaven,
 Or that their sins were unforgiven?
 Let him wi' care his Bible read,
 An' to this precious text gie heed,
 "Wha wad the bliss o' Heaven attain,
 Maun enter like a little wean."

A BRIEF DEFENCE O' SACRED RHYMES.

"DEAR keep us! Willie, but your Rhyme
 Is horribly religious;
 Wha, do ye think, will waste their time
 Wi' Sonnets sae litigious?"

"I doubtna, Robin, ye may style
 A Sang profane or footie,
 (Because it tickles you ^{the} while)
 The *quintessence* o' beauty."

"But let us onward stretch our eie,
 Till time begin to lea' us,
 What solace, Robin, then think ye,
 Will thoughtless humour gie us?"

"Nane o' our Scottish Poets hae
 On sober themes reflectit;
 Wherefore my solitary lay
 Soud be the mair respeckit.

SONG.

Tune—"Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff."

O! JENNY, let us linger near
 The waving willows, round this spring!
 My bosom thrills wi' joy to hear
 The mavis in yon plantin' sing.
 The blackbird whistles to his love;
 Ah! can you listen and refuse
 My early passion to approve,
 An' grant a lover a' his dues?

Press me nae farther to comply,
 But let us lea' this witching glen;
 The happy hour approaches nigh,
 When Jamie a' my heart may kent
 Then let my wooer faithfu' be,
 An' dinna harbour vain alarms;
 For never shall a youth but thee
 Repose within thy Jenny's arms.

THE TRANCE.

ARGUMENT.

The Rhymer imagineth himself lampooned by some tiny Critic, whom he answereth—is again attacked, and deliberateth with himself on the propriety of a second defence—with which the Poem opens—In the interim, however, he glideth into a Trance—is visited by a Damsel ycleped the Muse of Scotia; who in a very humiliating, homely manner, dissuadeth him from his purpose—enumerateth the miseries of Poets—and seriously adviseth him, while there is hope, to abandon the unprofitable art, and betake himself to some reputable calling—in consequence of which the Poem concludeth, with a resolution of the Rhymer to that effect.

THE night was dark, the win' was roaring;
The hen-roost Reynard was exploring;
The lab'rer on his couch lay snoring!

Thrice happy wight!

Whilst I owre Ringan's rhyme sat poring,
By dim lamp light.

Myself I question'd thus, Shall I
In his vindictive style reply,
Or let it in oblivion lie,

Unknown, forgot,

Unskait'h'd by malice, or envy,

In peace to ret?

What share of glory may be mine,
 Tho' vict'ry second my design,
 Will his subjection e'er intwine
 My brow wi' bays?
 Woud fame applaudin'-sweet inshrine
 Sic martial lays?

At length wi' care, an' sleep oppress,
 I threw his blethers on a kist,
 An' leaning owre to take some rest,
 Methought I saw,
 A Damsel, whose approach imprest
 My soul wi' awe.

Majestic, modest, was her mein,
 Love revell'd in her fine blue een;
 To sing her peerless charms I ween,
 Exceeds my power;
 Nae fairer ance was Scotia's Queen,
 In *Crockston Tower*!

Youth added grace to a' her air;
 Like Scotia's nymphs her head was bare;
 Primroses snooded up her hair,
 O' darkest brown;
 Her locks out-owre her hafts fair,
 In curls hang down.

A guid west-kintry pirnie plaid,
 Loose mantling roun' her shouthers stray'd,
 Her kirtle was o' mankie made,
 O' various hue;
 Nae muslin saft, or fine brocade,
 Could match sic woe.

On her right hand, in rural guise,
 I saw the Bard o' Coila rise;
 Fire darted frae his brilliant eyes,
 In flashes keen,
 Such as when first he breath'd his sighs
 For peerless Jean.

Upon her left, in Scots-grey neat,
 RAMSAY, and FERGUSON, did meet;
 BARBOUR, DUMBAR, and LINDSAY sweet,
 Of other times;
 SEMPLE, and KENNEDY, replete
 Wi' sterling rhymes.

BLIN' HARRY, Sire o' Scottish song,
 Strode foremost in this tuneful throng,
 Majestically slow, along
 The minstrel mov'd;
 The darling of his native tongue,
 By all approv'd!

Tho' in a Monkish convent nurst,
 Thy genius, *Harry*, taught us first
 The Latin chains o' lear to burst,
 A blest reprieve!
 Nae brighter deeds thy Wallace durst
 Or did achieve.

Let other critics lavish praise
 On Homer, crown'd with Paphian bays;
 Inferior notes his pipe conveys
 To a Scottish ear,
 Thy simple Caledonian lays,
 To me more dear!

What Scotsman on his native hills
 But with vindictive ardour thrills;
 While sighing for his country's ills,
 He turns thy page?
 Thine every tale his bosom fills
 With gen'rous rage.

Perfidious Edward! blast thy name,
 Last in the list of honest fame,
 Our slavery was the ruling aim
 Of all thy reign,
 Which Wallace to thy lasting shame
 Thrice render'd vain.

Far, far behind a motley band
O' Rhymers, prest to win near-han';
How happy each had been to stan'
Last in her train;
But a' their efforts ay they fan'
To be in vain!

Amang this base ignoble crew,
Sae distant frae the Elect few,
I mony a brither Rhymer knew
Unknown to fame,
Whom in this lay a feeling due
Forbids to name.

My heart dought scarcely gang for fear
As the Ethereal Guest drew near;
Her name I ettled thrice to spier,
An' thrice I fail'd;
At length, while music charm'd my ear,
Me, thus she hail'd:

Of ancient origin, an' Fame,
From Morven's stormy hills I came,
Old Selma's tow'rs, I as my home
Was wont to chuse;
An' lonely shepherds lisp my name.
—The Scottish Muse.

Rous'd by thy late licentious strains,
 I visit Renfrew's tuneless plains,
 Nae fire o' mine inspires her swains,
 Wi' life to sing,
 The little that of art remains
 Is on the wing.

I saw, for naething can eschew
 Roun' Heli's fount my sov'reign view,
 Another raving youth wi' you
 Contend in Rhymes,
 While each in hideous colours drew
 His neibour's crimes.

How callous to all generous pride,
 Thus to expose what each sould hide!
 Unhappy youths! baith far an' wide,
 Owre muirs an' fells,
 A laughing to the kintry-side
 Ye mak' yoursel's.

Show sentimental elevation,
 An' scorn to mak' retaliation;
 Return abusive accusation,
 An answer meek,
 An' study to gie nae occasion
 For fools to speak.

Forbear a' personal reflections;
 Few can endure a Bard's corrections;
 Sic libels may create objections,
 But yield nae pleasure;
 Nae soul is free o' imperfections,
 Sae gibe at leisure.

Strong are my dark prophetic fears,
 You'll rank wi' ither *Sonnetteers*;
 A Bard like Burns, these thousand years
 Ye'll never see;
 For pruning hooks they'll niffer spears,
 Ere his mark be.

Ah! silent is his rural reed,
 [That sounded ance frae Doon to Tweed;
 Praise while in life was all his meed,
 An empty store,
 (Tho' pinin' for a bit o' bread)
 He gain'd no more!

In him each nobler talent join'd
 Which could adorn the Poet's mind;
 Pathetic sweetness was combin'd
 Wi' true sublime;
 A something hard to be defin'd
 Ran thro' his rhyme.

'Tho' other Bards may cry in vain
 To reach his lofty-comic strain;
 A nameless remnant still remain,
 Whose moral lays,
 My ancient honor shall sustain
 To distant days.

What tho' upon a rural theme
 Thou couldst wi' Ramsay's genius beam,
 Fame's unsubstantial anster-gleam,
 Wad ill assuage
 Thae fears, which mair enormous seem
 In dim auld age.*

What tho' thou couldst, in blythesome lay,
 The manners o' a Town portray,
 As Ferguson, the young, the gay,
 Was wont to do?
 If Fortune sent her gifts, a day
 Owre late for you.†

* This celebrated Reformer of Scottish Poesy,
 died at an advanced age, insolvent.

Irvine's Lives of the Scottish Poets.

† The only pecuniary favor, ever designed
 for this ingenious juvenile Bard, (being a pre-
 sent of £100 from a friend in the East Indies,)
 arrived three weeks after the unfortunate
 youth had sighed his last, in a *Mad-house*! lb.

If sic as thae, were fain to sup
 The vera drege o' sorrow up,
 What nauseous draught maun fill the cup
 Assign'd to thee,
 Condemn'd beneath each Critic's whup
 Thy life to dree ?*

Look on the lang illustrious line
 O' vot'ries, at Apollo's shrine,
 By a' admir'd—*if lack o' Cois*
 Was their disease,
 What matchless mis'ry maun be thine,
 Doom'd nane to please ?

Then fly the jail-devoted squad,
 A' far alike—or guid or bad—
 Inquire if mercy may be had
 Thy wits to save,
 Else in a dungeon chain'd an' mad,
 Thou yet may rave.

* From a reflection of this kind, arose the following Epigram, on myself.

What if thy *Bettors* coudna gang
 Without a *kindly* squeeze,
 Shall thy unfashionable Sang
 Hae better luck to please ?
 Wherefore, then Willie, let thy brains
 Wi' rhyming *filth* be cramm'd ?
 An' wherefore at sae mony pains,
 To be by Critics *damn'd* ?

How many o' inferior mind,
 Wi' prudence to industry join'd,
 Obtain what Nature ne'er design'd
 The Poet's share?
 Wealth, an' true genius, still we find
 An alien pair.

Can thy imagination sketch
 The pale, degraded, joyless wretch,
 O' a dull Rhymmer, on the stretch
 For something fine,
 While a' his efforts canna fetch
 Ae happy line?

Yet if determin'd to proceed,
 Let not the magic o' thy reed,
 The necessary toil impede
 O' labor long,
 Few o' the favor'd few, indeed,
 Subsist on Song.

An' know, if Nature first deny,
 A proper genius to supply,
 In vain thou learning's aid shalt try,
 Thy Muse to mend,
 Neglected may'st thou live an' die,
 Without a friend!

Then what avail the nightly pains
 Incurr'd, in polishing thy straine?
 Let fancy yield to reason's reins,
 An' learn betimes,
 That wretchedness alone, remains
 For wretched Rhymes!

While thus she lectur'd; Robin Burne
 Sidewise to Allan Ramsay turns;
 Says he; Man Allie, by our urns
 I'm fairly lost,
 To ken how Rhymers void o' harm
 Should scribble most!

While Bardies warm frae Nature's fire,
 In bashful diffidence retire,
 An' scarce in public dare aspire
 To lift the head,
 Or strike the passion-kindling lyre
 Or tune the reed!

Quo' Allan; "Rab, my lugs I'll lay,
 Against the weakest Sang ye hae,
 Ae Bard for nine on sic a day
 There woudna be,
 Except, as I may safely say,
 For you an' me.

There Ferguson, wha could divert
 Wi' his blythe Sangs, an' touch the heart,
 Like us he had the nat'ral art

To Rhyme wi' sense,
 I'll wager he'll espouse my part,
 Without pretence.

Quod Ferguson; our weil won fame,
 In Scotland sae enhanced our name,
 Ilk Rhymer thought he had our flame,
 He could nae less!
 Syne sonnets, sangs, an' libels lame,
 Swarm'd frae the press.

When Burns our brither left the warl',
 O' Rhymes he gather'd sic a harl',
 That ilka douce, an' sober carle,
 Delights to read him;
 An' now they daily fight, an' quarrel,
 Wha shall succeed him.

While Ferguson spoke loud an' keen,
 Darkness obscur'd th' uncommon scene,
 Somnus releas'd my weary een,
 But smoor'd my fancie;
 For doubtless I had sleeping been,
 An' in a trancie.

A' that I heard, I thought ~~me~~ true,
 Sae applicable, prompt, an' new,
 That wi' a thrice-repeated vow,
 I swore while leaving,
 Henceforth wi' Rhyme to bid adieu,
 An' min' my weaving.

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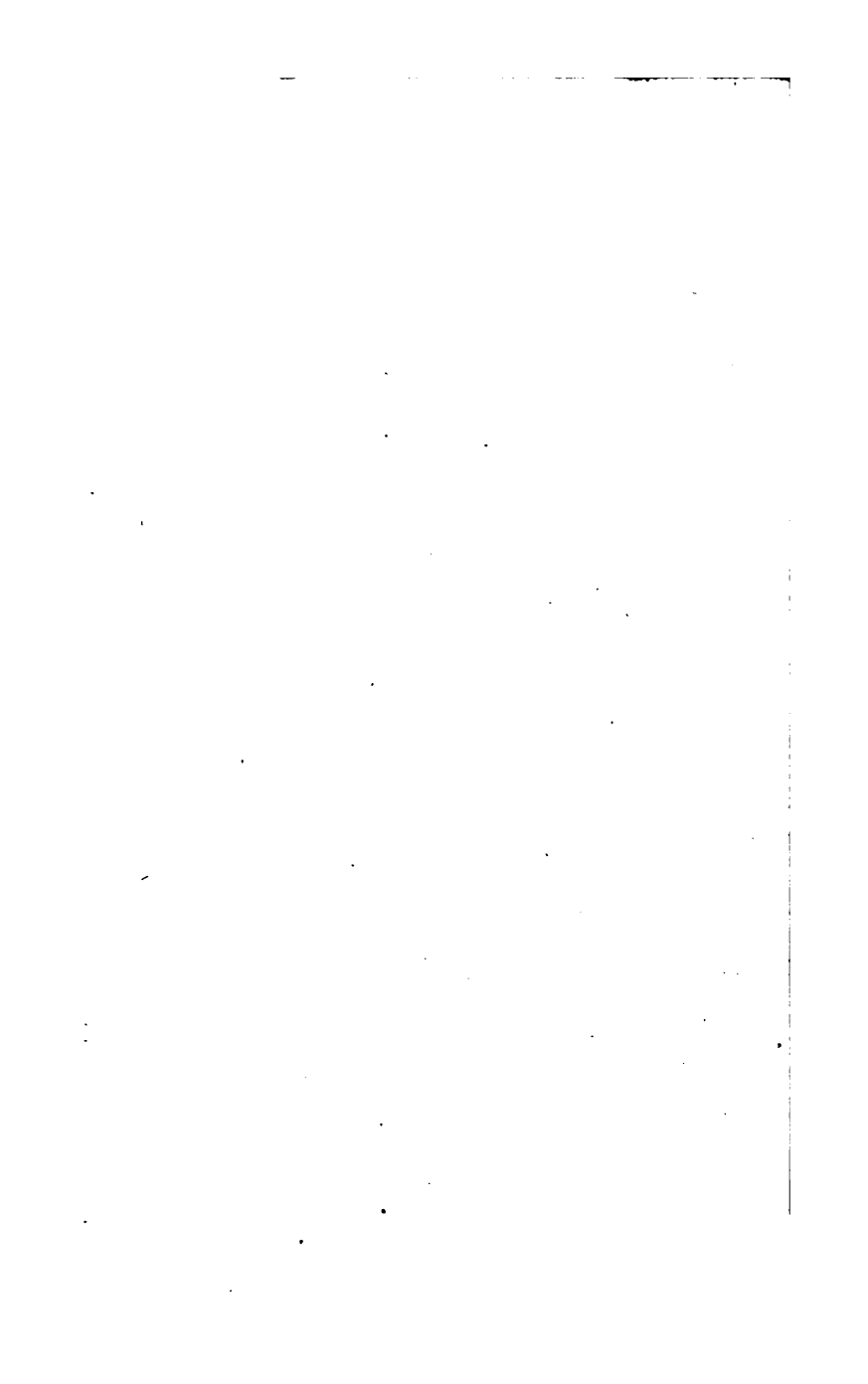
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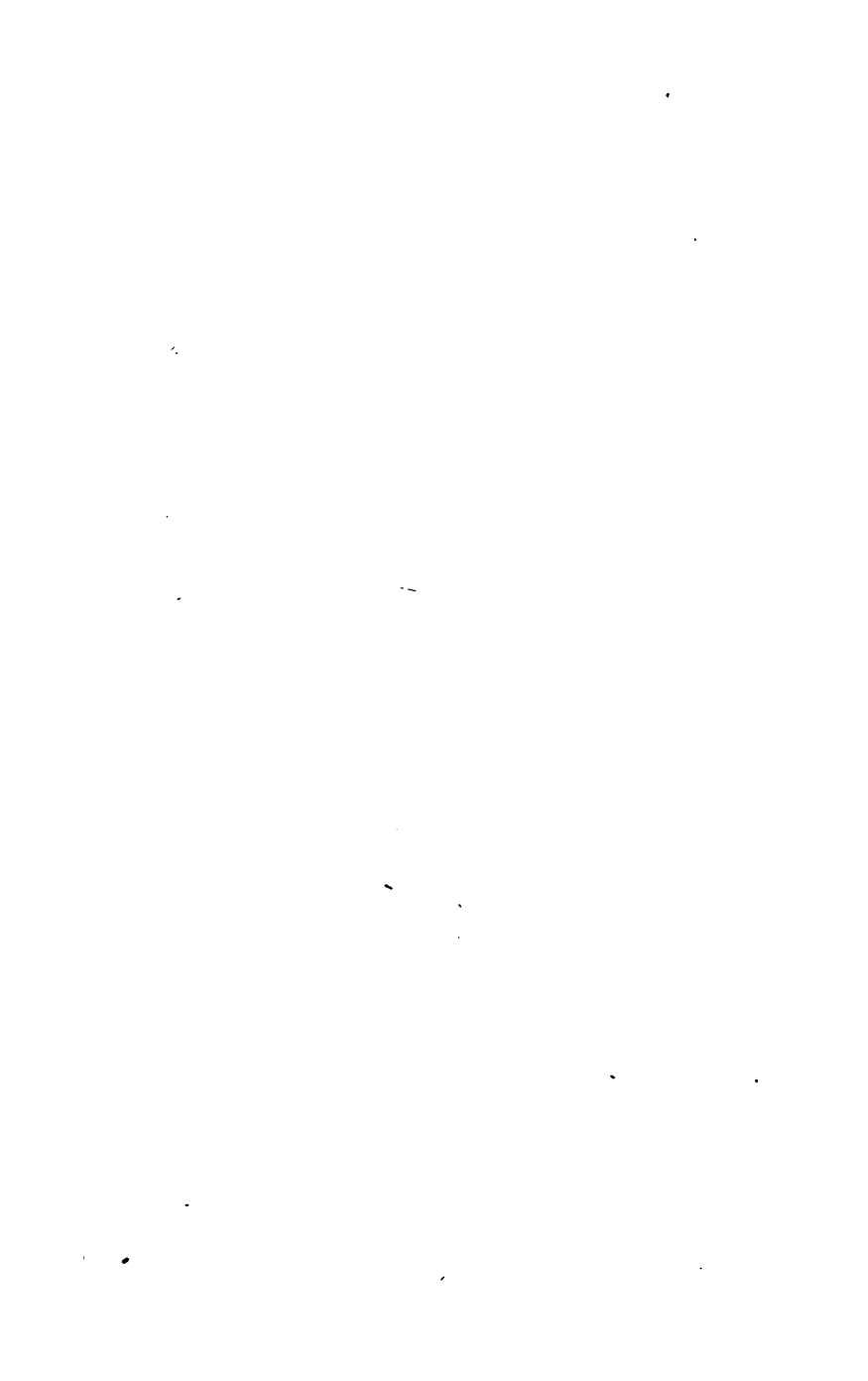
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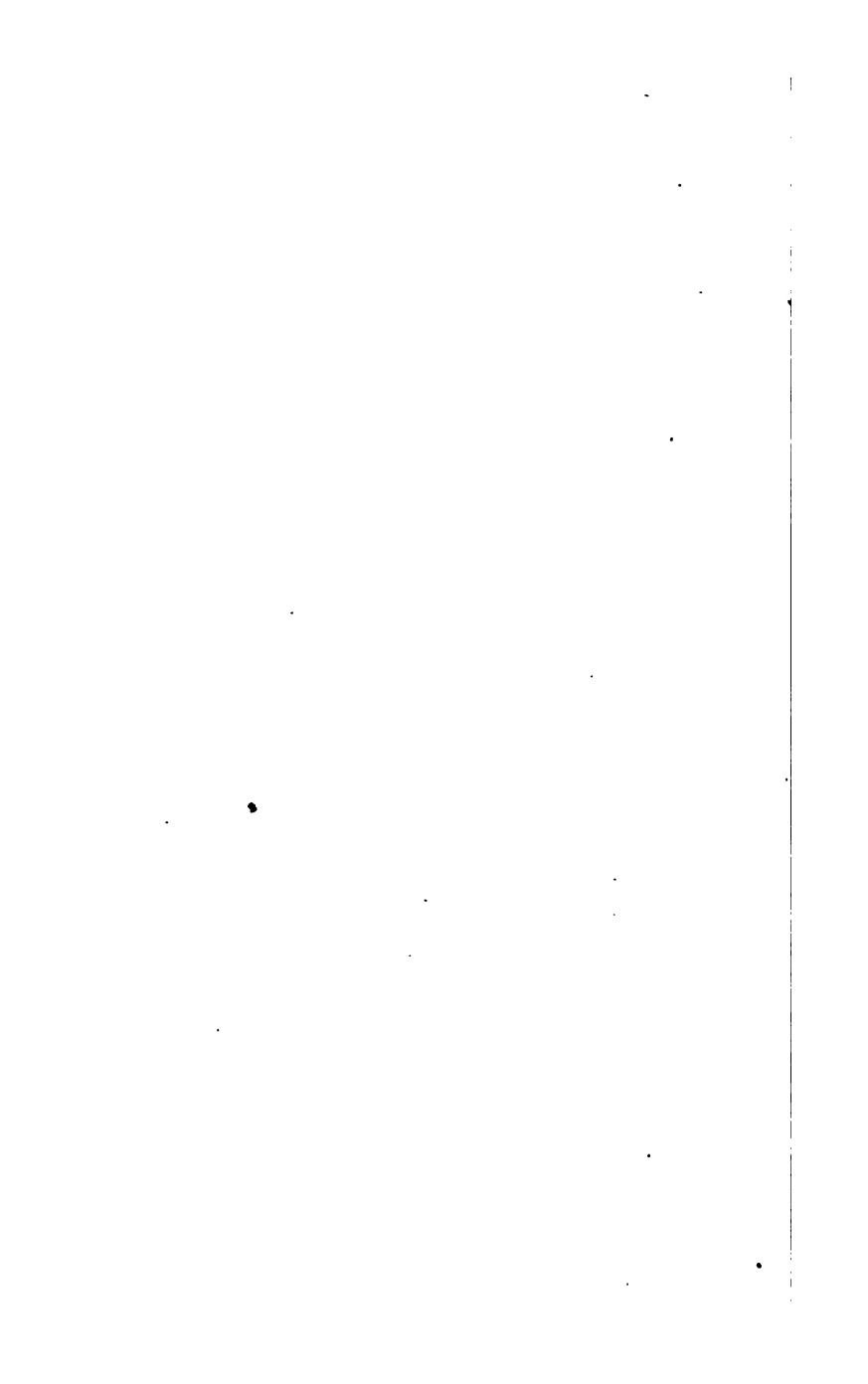
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